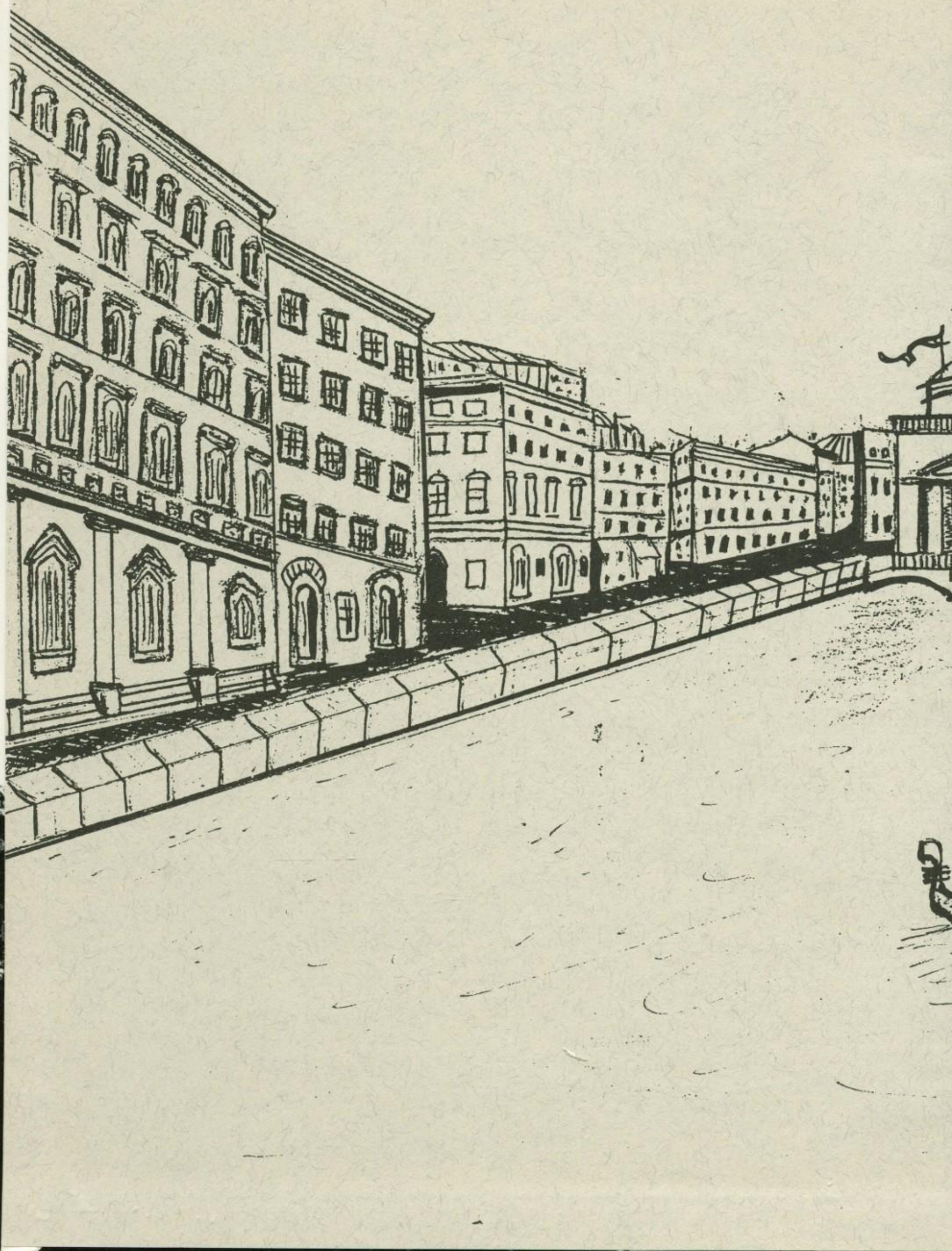
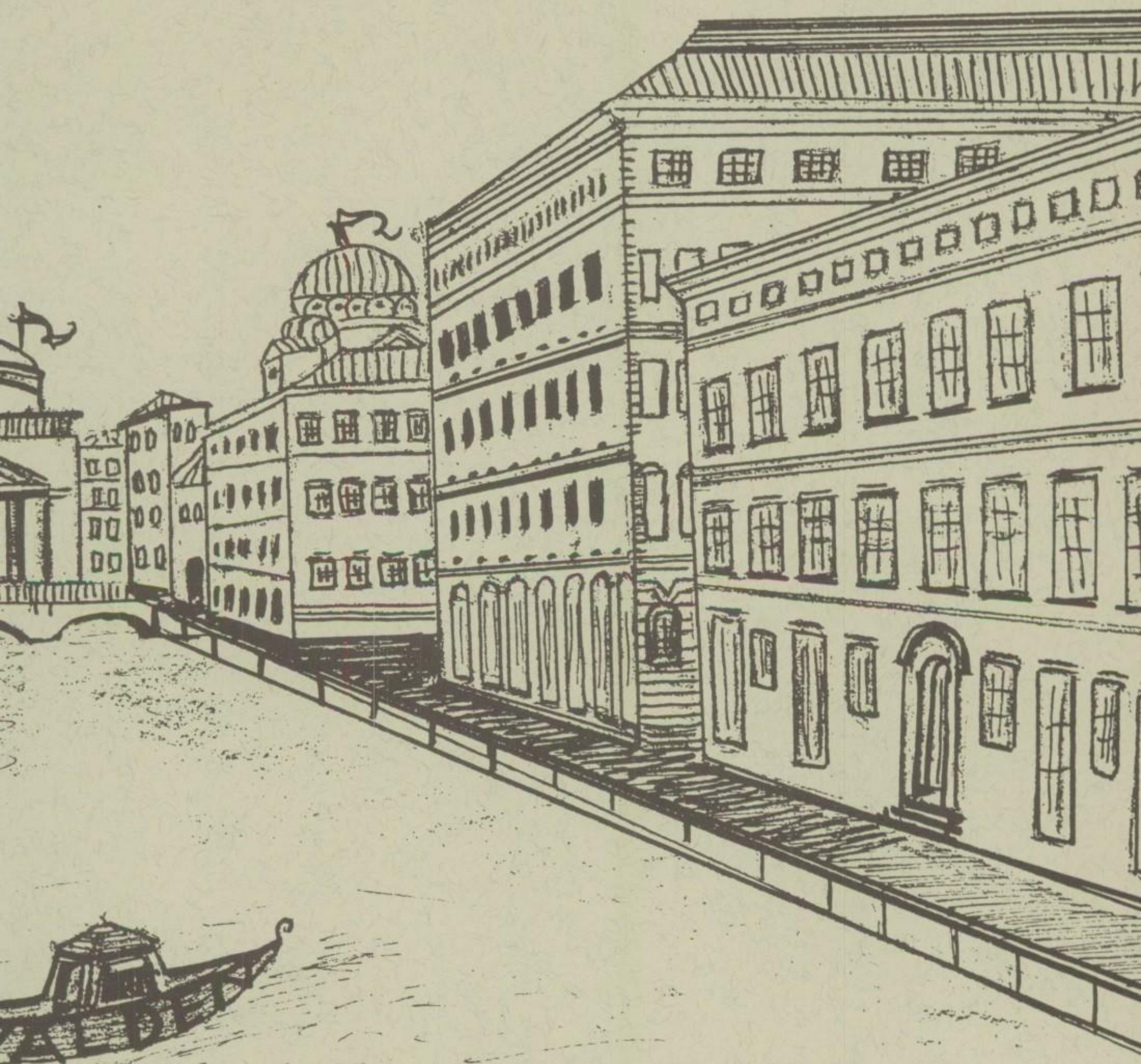


WALDEN '87







Kristin Shank
Dec. 9 1986



ESSAY: WALDEN CHANGES

Margaret Naumburg, who founded Walden in 1914, had a profound impact on American education. Originator of the School Arts Movement, many of her ideas and ideals have since been integrated into the American school. . . , close student-faculty relationships, joint participation in "doing" activities, and a greater emphasis on the arts' incorporation into the regular, academic curriculum.

In writing about Walden, Naumburg's brochure - essay, *A Child's Own World* (1923) described, "the actual working, happy world of 140 children." To which she added, "the imperative task of creating a better world of adults was start by creating one for children . . . If this dream," she thought, "of a creative vital democratic life persists perennially in the human race, the reason must be that the impulse and the will and the power toward such a life is implicit in the human soul." Again, "For always, her principle and the one upon which her associates have acted, was that truth and beauty were present in the natural human material and it was the school's task to evolve it, to strengthen it, to direct it."

Often, as students, we hear other students say, "Walden is so small." This is the reason, they argue, to want to leave Walden. However, there is a stronger urge to remain: *Walden is a community*. If Walden is indeed small, bigger is not necessarily better, and a community which succeeds on its own terms is best.

Walden is a private school and as such is a privileged institution. Tuition costs preclude a large urban student population. Student-teacher interaction is intense, profound, and creative as it was in 1923 in a different way than today. Students and teachers alike take this advantage and use it for their own scholastic and personal growth. The personal equation allows a total reciprocal involvement. Students work with teachers in planning projects, curricula, and special programs. Student involvement with the school is in the following areas: admissions, long range planning, arts festival, newspaper, yearbook, literary magazine, governance, development, and alumni outreach.

The class of 1987 salutes Walden past, present, and future. Walden once was a small school, and we pride ourselves on being a small, progressive school today. The concept, "small is better; little is big," connotes one of quality, of community, and commitment to learning. Walden changes, but *plus ça change, plus que ça reste la même, chose*.

(This text was researched and co-written by John Keh, Todd Zorn, and Stephen Ettinger.)





THEME: WALDEN CHANGES



WALDEN: SMALL IS BETTER, LITTLE IS BIG

To further change in Walden, an assembly program which evolved from the *Born in the U.S.A.* class' study American education entitled, evidently, "How can we change Walden?" A panel of five represented students, alumni, teachers, administrators, and the Board of Trustees: Jared Seide, Stephen Ettinger, Richard Marotta, Stephen Clement, and Lena Tabori. Two student moderators, Josh Grossman and Darryn Sinkler, and six "questioners" debated issues covering student participation in the gestation of the school. Mike Baumwoll, Todd Zorn, John Keh, Tom Lagouranis, Billy Miller, and Michele Abeloff. Other participants were: Ana Corey, Celine Welles, Sasha Lewis, Kimberly Mitchell, Erik Selekman, Natasha Page-Levin, and Kalista Sale.



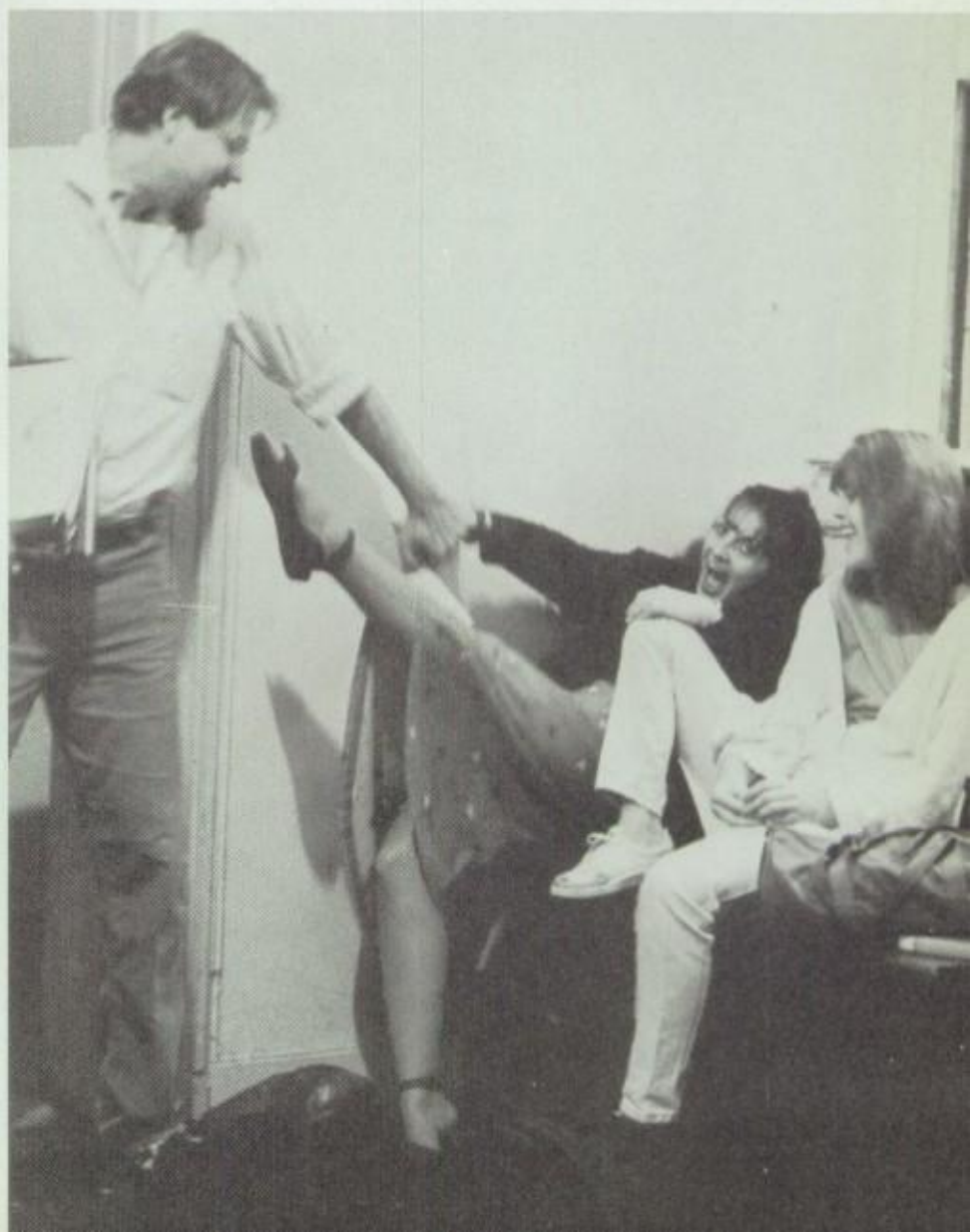


PROGRESSIVE NEWS

From left to right: Billy Miller, Tonya Wright, Kim Mitchell, Mandy Weiner, Cynthia Jones, Todd Zorn, John Keh, and Eric Weisberg.



Left center: Alice Grieco, Hadley Hudson
Below left: Kirstin, Alison 2x
Right below: Bob, Graciela, Ana





1951: Richard, Mother, Father

1983: Richard, Wife, and Son



DEDICATION

The senior class of 1987 would like to dedicate our yearbook to our high school coordinator, Richard Marotta. Richard's role in Walden these past seven years has been perhaps more difficult than any other high school coordinator in Walden's history.

Richard's role is multi-layered; he is responsible for curricula, programs, activities, schedules, attendance, personal and scholastic achievement. Richard is priest, shrink, coach, advisor, buddy, and teacher to every high school student.

In Walden, Richard teaches English and American Poetry and literature, and ninth grade World History. Outside of Walden, Richard teaches concurrently at F.I.T. and, in the summer at the Queens College Graduate School, he teaches 19th c. English Romanticism and Renaissance literature, especially Milton.

Richard is a man of great culture. He is a linguist as he studied Latin and French in high school, and, in college, Latin, Spanish and German (he also learned Italian). Richard is also a writer, but above all, is a man of refinement and integrity. For those who have been at Walden a number of years, we have watched him grow and become the kind of leader who students respect, admire, and love.

*

(This dedication is based on interviews with Richard's wife, his colleagues, his students, and Richard, and was co-written by John Keh, Todd Zorn, and Stephen Ettinger.)

*

Richard Marotta was born December 22, 1948 in Astoria, Queens, to American-born parents of Italian immigrants. His Sicilian grandparents came from Catania and Messina, and lived in Bayshore, Long Island.

As a child Richard played stickball, softball, hung out with his friends, and sometimes got into scrapes. Richard's mother worked in the garment district; his father was a tractor salesman. It is from this close, warm, working-class milieu, that Richard evolved into the friendly, caring man that he is.

He attended Our Lady of Carmel Elementary School, and then Mater Christi High School, whose values he often questioned. High School, as it was run by the Christian Brothers, discouraged individuality; a conformity of personal identity was taught in a certain perspective, i.e., in its relationship to groups and group thinking. Ultimate acceptance by the religious group was the educational aim; community beliefs were of importance and not the development of the individual as a thinking and sentient person. In high school, intellectual disputation and confrontation (so natural to Walden) were discouraged.

For example, in high school he defended *Billy Budd*, a novel by Herman Melville. He wound up in the guidance office where one administrator asked him why it was so important to be an individual? "How different Walden is," said Richard, "where discourse, intellectual discovery, and critical thinking are encouraged."

The transfer from high school to Fordham University in 1966 challenged Richard's intellectual growth. Although both Mater Christi High School and Fordham University were Catholic schools, the high school essentially trained a working-class population in submission to a surrogate authority. Fordham, which

is a Jesuit order run university, has, as a mission, to stimulate students' critical examination of the world we live in. Fordham demanded a reevaluation of ideas and experiences through intellectual inquiry.

Richard graduated from Fordham in 1970. He met, and courted, his wife, Halina, from 1969 to 1972. They met in the saddest possible way: at the funeral of a mutual friend killed in Viet Nam. They married when Halina was twenty and Richard twenty-three. They have a son, Matthew.

After Fordham, Richard taught at Queens College, beginning in 1971, and at Touro College from 1975 to 1977. He pursued his graduate studies at C.U.N.Y. Graduate Center from which he received his Ph.D. in 1977. From 1979 and until the present, he has been teaching at F.I.T. (Fashion Institute of Technology). In 1978, he was Department Chairperson at the Marymount School. On September 4, 1980, he became Walden's high school coordinator.

Fordham revealed to Richard the love of learning for itself. Major literary influences were Albert Camus, Dostievski, the 19th c. Romantic English poets, such as Wordsworth, Blake, Coleridge, and the later epic poetry of the 17th c. John Milton (*Paradise Lost*). Dramatists such as Chekhov and philosophers such as Voltaire and Rousseau and other 18th c. writers kept him intellectually alive, as they all had in common their attacks on orthodoxy and superstition.

This intellectual "enlightenment" continued in graduate school, where he majored in English Literature, with a minor in Comparative Literature. Medieval, Renaissance, and Romantic literatures, while primarily studied in English translation were the French *Le Roman de la Rose*, Dante's *La Divina Commoedia*, and the *Parsifal/Perceval* legend. Some readings were in Latin, although the ancient Hebrew and Greek readings were in English: *Chronicles*, the *Iliad*, Apollonius, and the *Medea* trilogy (Jason and the Argonauts: n.b., funny how high school students might want to read the latter).

Two sources of inspiration are the Renaissance scholar, John Hollander, and the classicist, Allen Mandelbaum, who translated the *Aeneid*, by Virgil, and Dante's *Divine Comedy*. However, Richard read the first book of Dante, the *Inferno*, in Italian (it was Dante who was the "father" of the Italian language). In fact, Richard's dissertation was: on the literary sources in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which was inspired by the Bible, classical authors, and Dante. Furthermore, the Greek play-wrights: Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes were important to him for their psychological and ethical values.

Ethical values typify Richard Marotta's thinking. For Richard, ethical values are, "the simple belief in the capacity and potential of each human being." Richard rejects intentional malice toward any human being. "If the individual functions and conducts his life as an honest, caring person, as much as possible, others will respond in the same way." "There is a solution to every problem providing people work together, openly, caringly; hurting others as a fundamental principle is wrong."

"There is a simple precept upon which a way of life is built, and that is, the belief in the potential of others from which a great joy is derived. To see how students develop, how they grow and change, how they become their own success, on their own terms, is a teacher's real satisfaction. Finally, there is an obligation to treat others fairly, to look beyond superficial appearance into the heart of the matter, to the human essence."

Thank you Richard.



ABOVE: LE CHARMEUR BELOW: MR. COORDINATOR

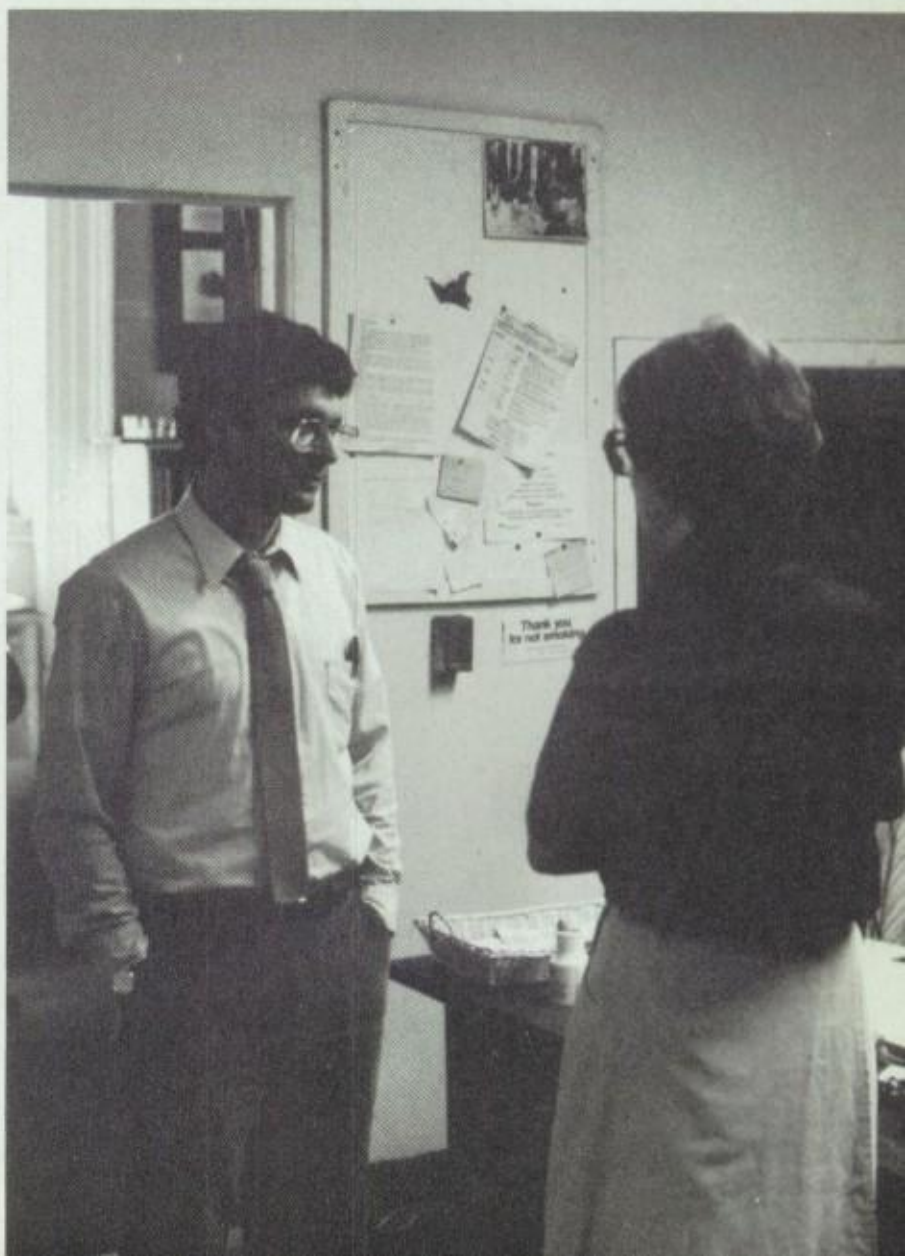


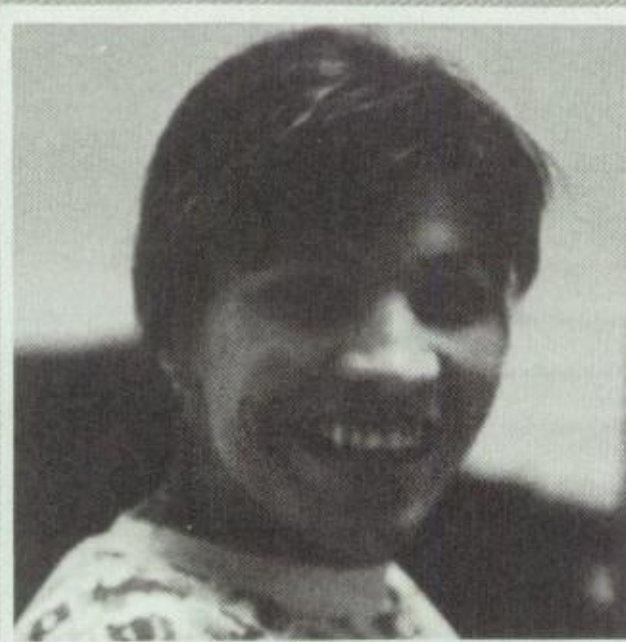


PHOTO: LISA SHEBLE, 1986©

ADMINISTRATION

From left to right rear: Sheila Wood, Richard Marotta, Kay Joseph. Front row: Evelyn McClain, Stephen Clement, Yael Septee.

"You've reached Walden."
Evelyn Benjamin⇒



Below center:
Miriam Cadiz

P.R., P.R., and more P.R.: Sheila Wood. Photo: Lisa Sheble, 1986©



Computer Tycoon: Pat Rutherford
Photo: Walden Yearbook staff, 1986©





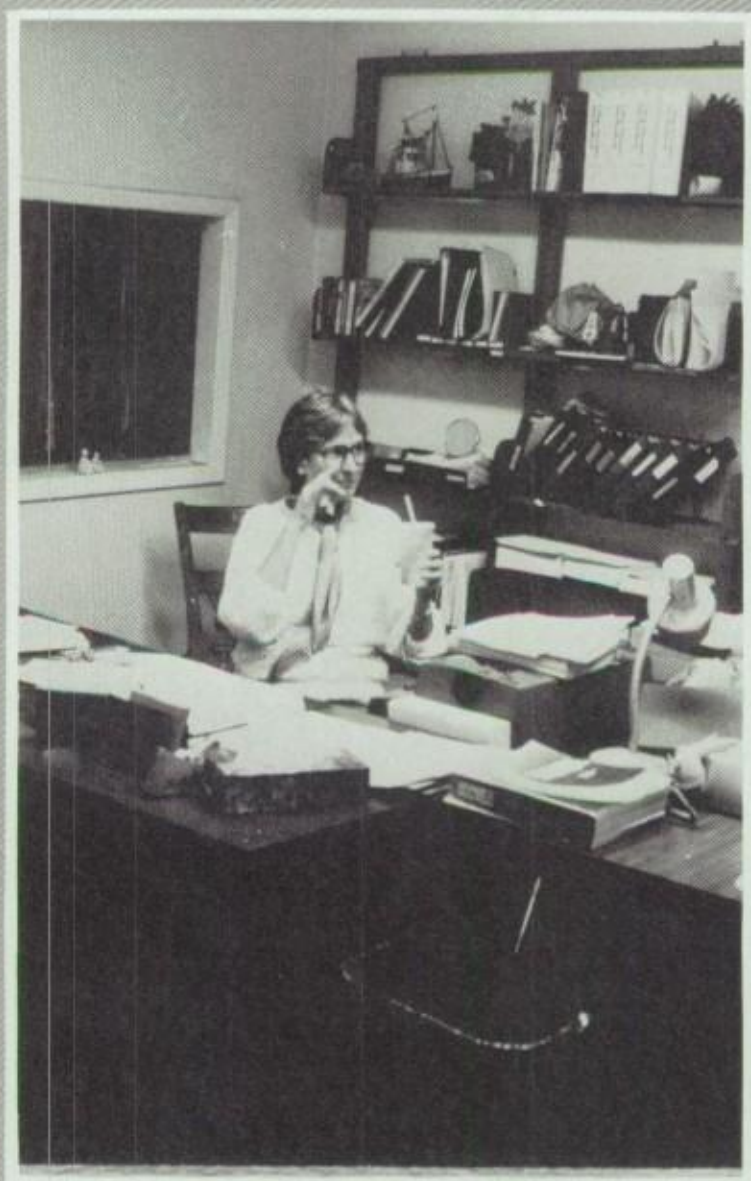
No, I'm not Stephen Clement

Pam Benning, Admissions Officer

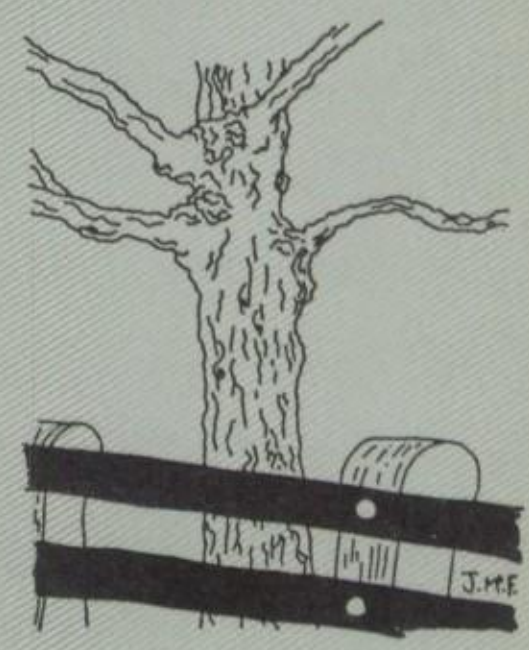
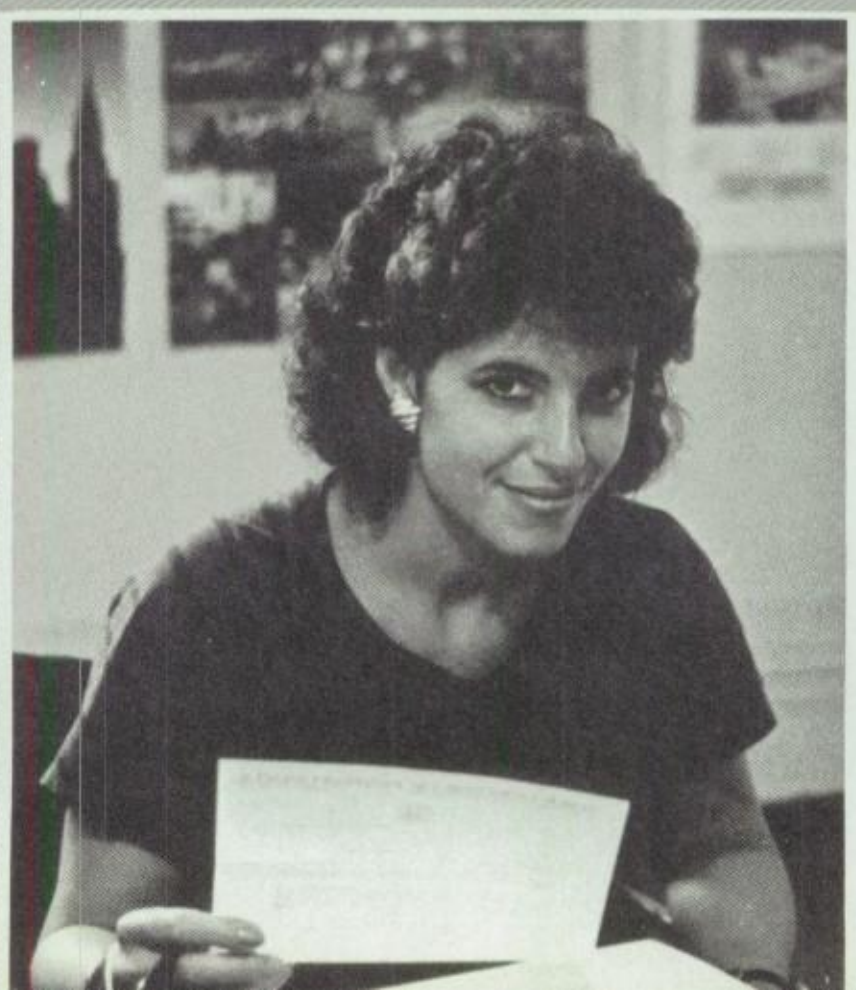


No, I don't want to be director ... not yet.

Ms. Ford, Walden's Florence Nightingale



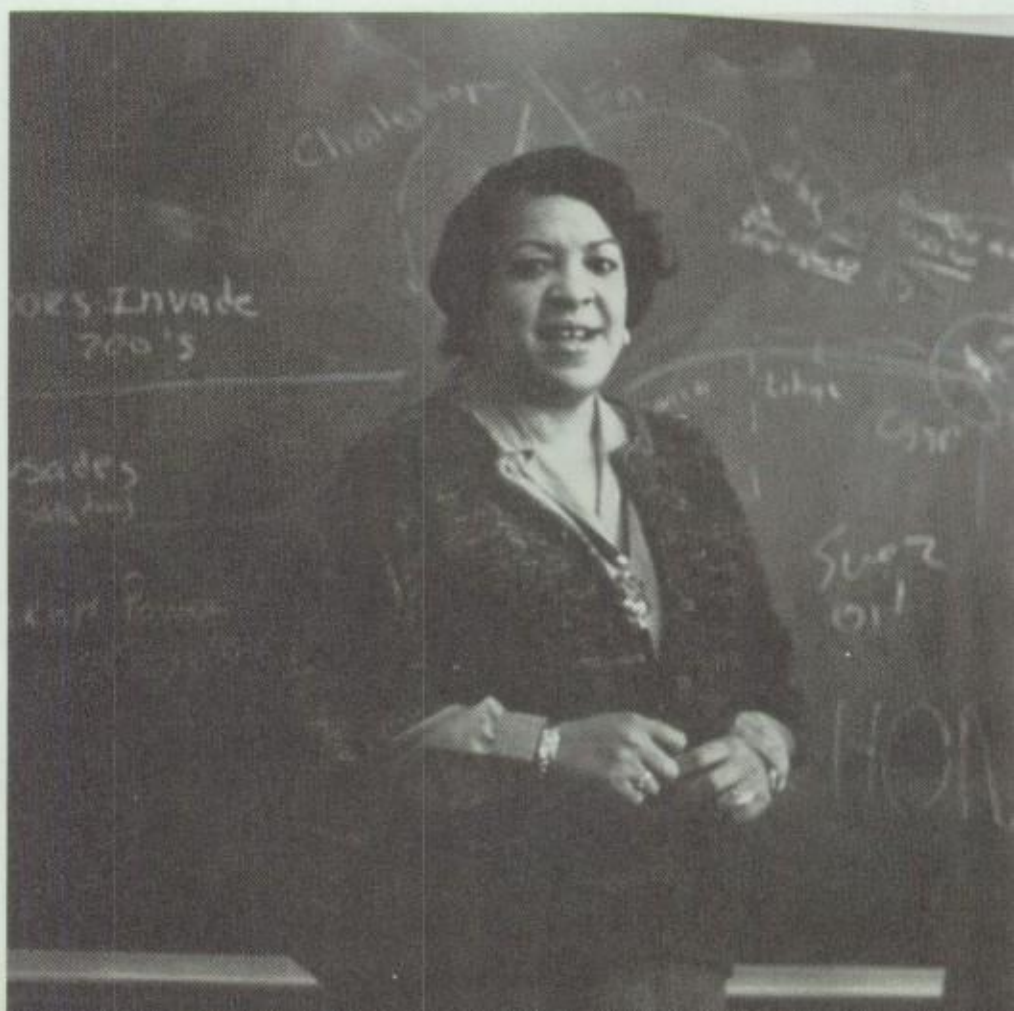
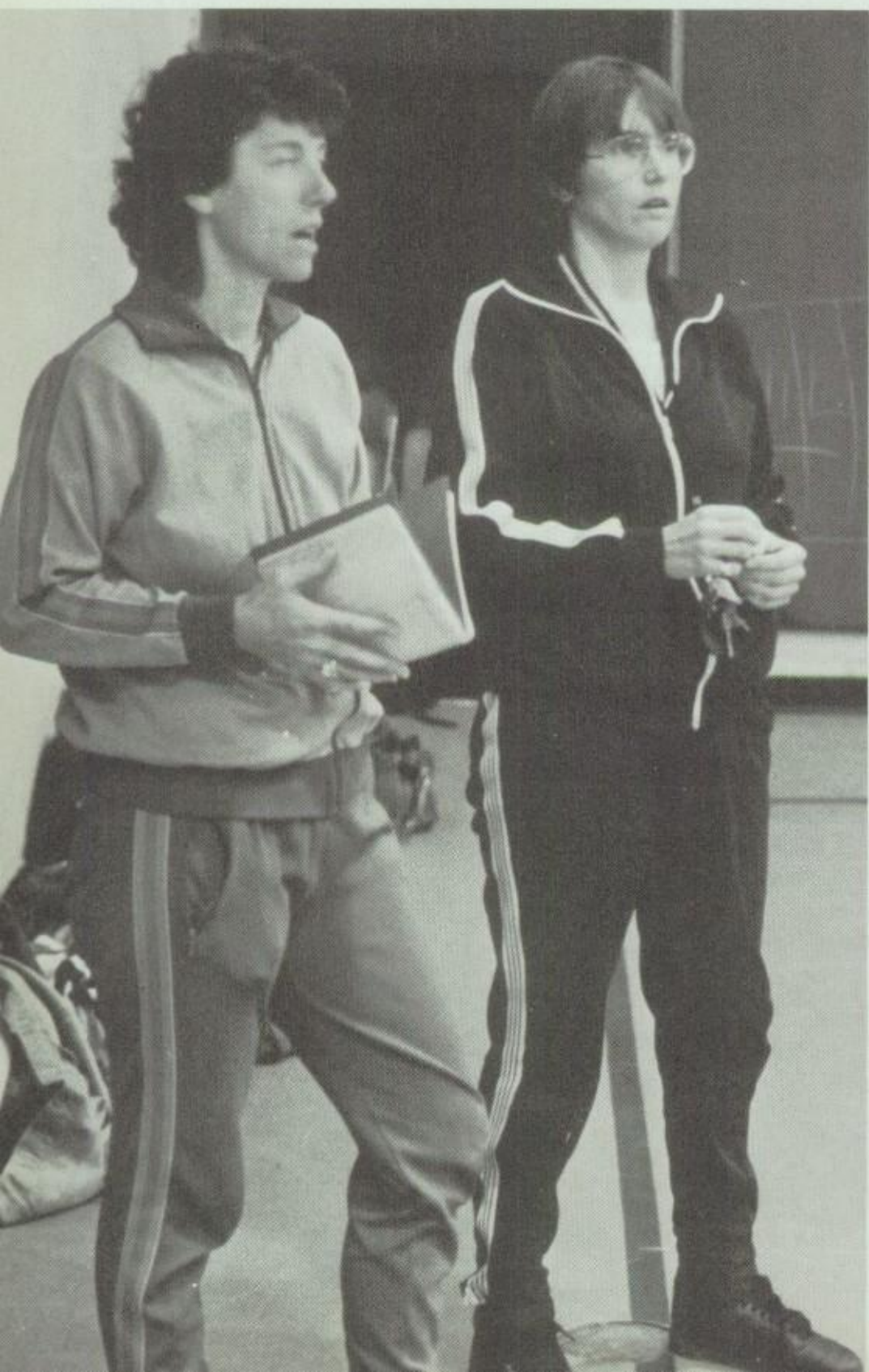
Lori King





Jo Franzen, David Smith, Akbar Ali, Lois Hilton
Lorry Garvin, Sue Sortino, Renée Pritchard
Evelyn McClain.

F A C U L T Y





FACULTY: Top Row, seated from left to right: Ventura Simmons, Richard Marotta, Shelley King, Ginny Deuscher, Stephen Clement, Eric Weisberg. Back Row: Lois Hilton, Ray Godshall, Donald Steckler, David Klein, Bruce Caro, Bob Roseen, Sheila Wood, David Smith, Karen Loeb (partially hidden), Graciela Garcia-Marruz, Kerry Nichols (partially hidden), Renée Pritchard. Middle Row: Evelyn McLain, Ok Lee, Martha Cox, Lorry Garvin, Sue Sortino, Martin Sternstein, Kathy Thoresen, Louise Kurshan, Kay Joseph, Patricia Rutherford (partially hidden). Front Row: Stephen Ettinger, Carol Gromer, Marion Stead-Abowitz, Arlene Greenberg, Janet Sabloff, Judy Ferber, Miriam Colon, Patricia Shea. Front Row, seated: Hyacinth Foster, Cecille Little. Not in photograph: Akbar Ali, Susan Goldman, Jo Franzen, Ronda Kurtz, Alice Grieco, Ann Schaumburger, Richard Beenan, Stephen Silverman, and Linda Shelton.



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DRAWING: Kirstin Shank



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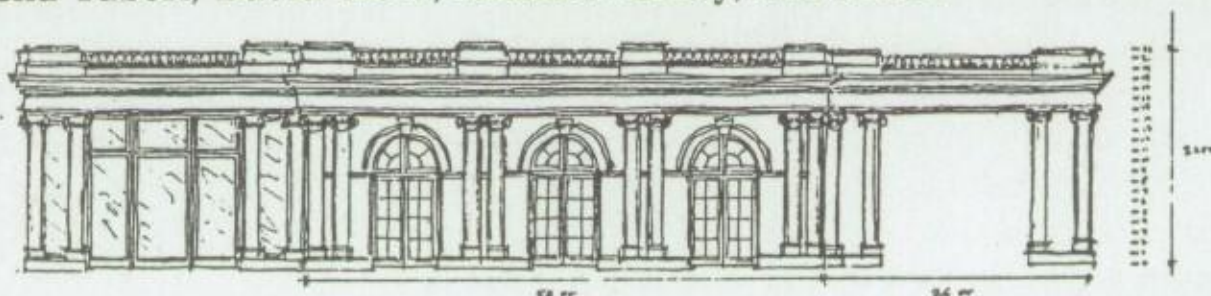
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BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Back Row (from left to right): Bernice Hauser, Frank Steindler, Pam Benning, Carolyn Geller, Helen Jacobs, Bill Goodman. Front Row: Stephen Clement, Donald Steckler, Jonnet Abeles, Matt Rosen, Marilyn Seide, Vivian Harris. Not in Picture: Joel Simon, Lena Tabori, David Stern, Michael Coady, Lee Miler.

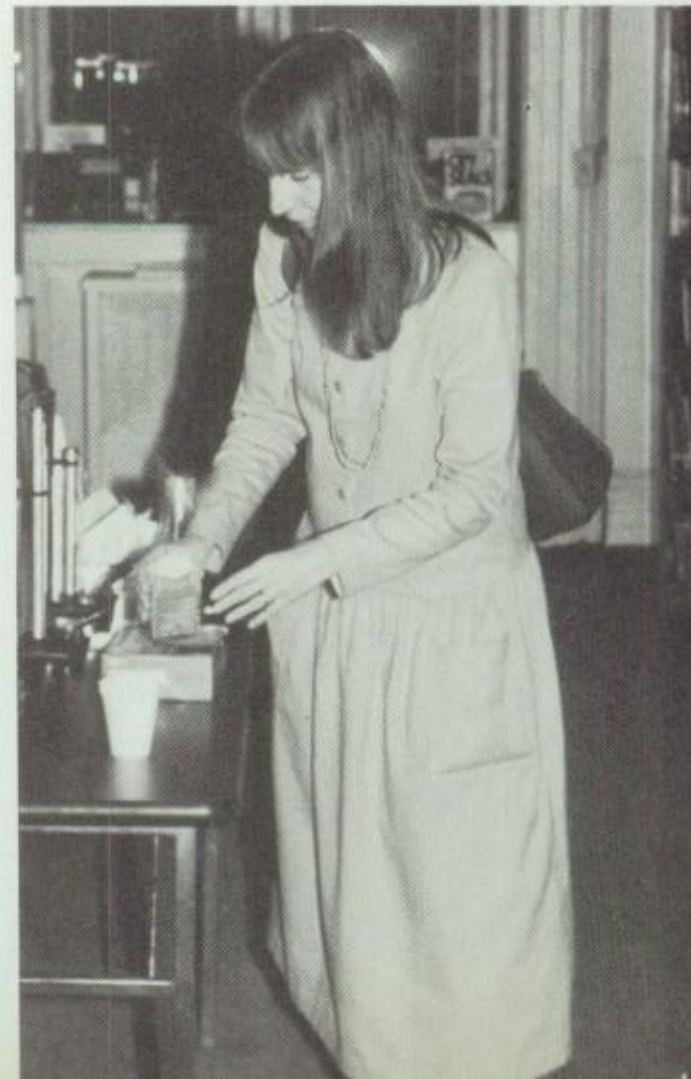


DAVID
NETTO

STEPHEN CLEMENT

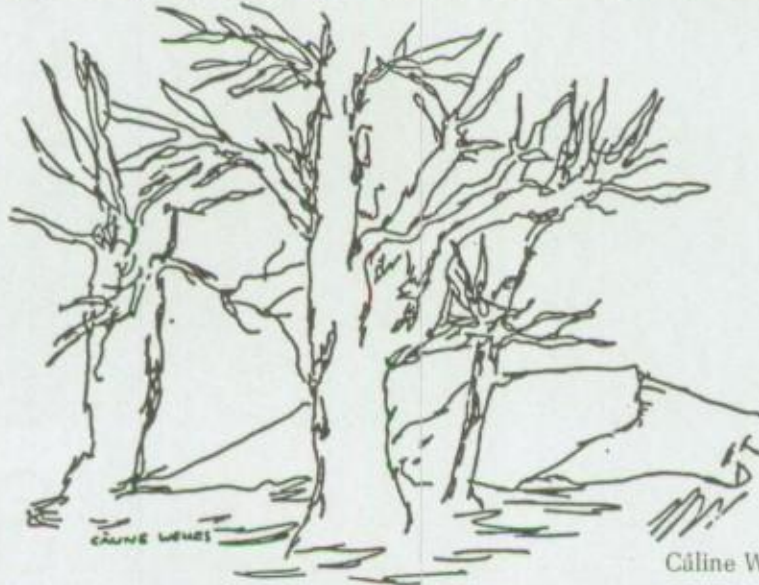
LENA TABORI

PAM BENNING





STUDENT EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AT WORK AND/OR AT PLAY



Céline Welles

In response to the *How Can We Change Walden?* assembly, the student executive met with the Board of Trustees. A student Affairs Committee, consequently, was formed, comprised of three Board members, three students, and one faculty member. This new committee is the liason between students and the board. Periodically, a Board member from another Board Committee informs the Student Affairs Committee of the concerns of each specific area. Thus a dialogue between the Board and students involves a pattern of collaboration in school processes. By establishing such a forum, students give voice to their opinions and know that they will be heard. This is Walden where students take part in every aspect of the school. Students in Walden have an unique power which makes for a successful school community. Perhaps this is only possible in a school where, "small is better, and little is big."

Todd Zorn.



LOWER/MIDDLE SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS



AFTERNOON THREE YEAR OLDS: Margot Hammond, teacher (left rear), Ok Lee, Assistant Teacher (extreme right). Back row, from left to right: Arielle Rebracca, Nicole Salazar, Giuseppe Flescu, Jeremy Haravi, Lily Florenz. Front Row: Danielle Glick, Carson Calvo, Nathan Churchill - Seder, Robert Copeland-Halperin, Jonathan Tascher, Olivia Zaleski, Jolene Fisher. Not in picture: Sean Philips, Joseph Luckenbill.

THREE YEAR OLDS: Teacher: Ellen Biblowitz-Cohen (front row, right), Assistant Teachers: David Klein (right), Jodi Darien (left). Back Row: David Meiklejohn, Samantha Sculnick, Matthew Groves, Teddy Goldman, Amos Goodman, Angelica Angiuli, Lily Flishman. Middle Row: Willie Noël, Benjamin White, Andrew Kaufman, Alex Friedman, Katie Rose Schneiderman. Front Row: Kate White (standing), Philip Smith, Amanda Weidman, Jordan Levy.





FULL DAY THREES: Carol Neuwirth Gromer, Teacher (right); Arlene Greenberg, Assistant Teacher (left). Top Row, from left to right: Wendy Fraser, Elizabeth Tepper, Kumar Nair, Vanessa Cohen. Middle Row: Jonathan Eddy, Jonathan Stead, Charlotte Clark, Jesse Goldman, Elizabeth Hope Williams, Ian Rugg. Front Row: Damien Picariello, David Senor, Francesca Johnson, Lia Brezavar, Gideon Friedman. Not In Picture: Nina Gribetz.

FOUR YEAR OLDS: Marion Stead-Abowitz, Teacher (right); Judy Ferber (left). Back Row, from left to right: Alex Frankel, Zoë Wool, Alexis Posada, Lawrence Sherman, Nina Maxwell, Ben Masten. Middle Row: Kaila Horan, Brian Kaplan, Nathaniel Milner, Fernando Yingo, Bradley Sorte, Neal Bacon. Front Row: Laura Keane-Parisi, Emily Parchia, Nina Schwartz, Emma Zaks, Isaac Grody-Patinkin. Not in picture: Stephanie Sarandon.





FOUR YEAR OLDS: Teacher, Kathy Thoresen (left), Assistant teacher, Karen Loeb (right). Back Row: Leah Silberman, Molly Clarke, Amy Hillner, Nicholas Umbach, Charlie Vos, Katie Roose, Patrick O'Grady, Zachary Rosner, Emily Botma. Front Row: Jessica Gumora-Garcia, Marion Billings, Carly Tilton, Evan Brownstein, Joshua Burgener, Bennett De Carlo, Jessica Baum, Kira Boesch, Timothy Betjamin.

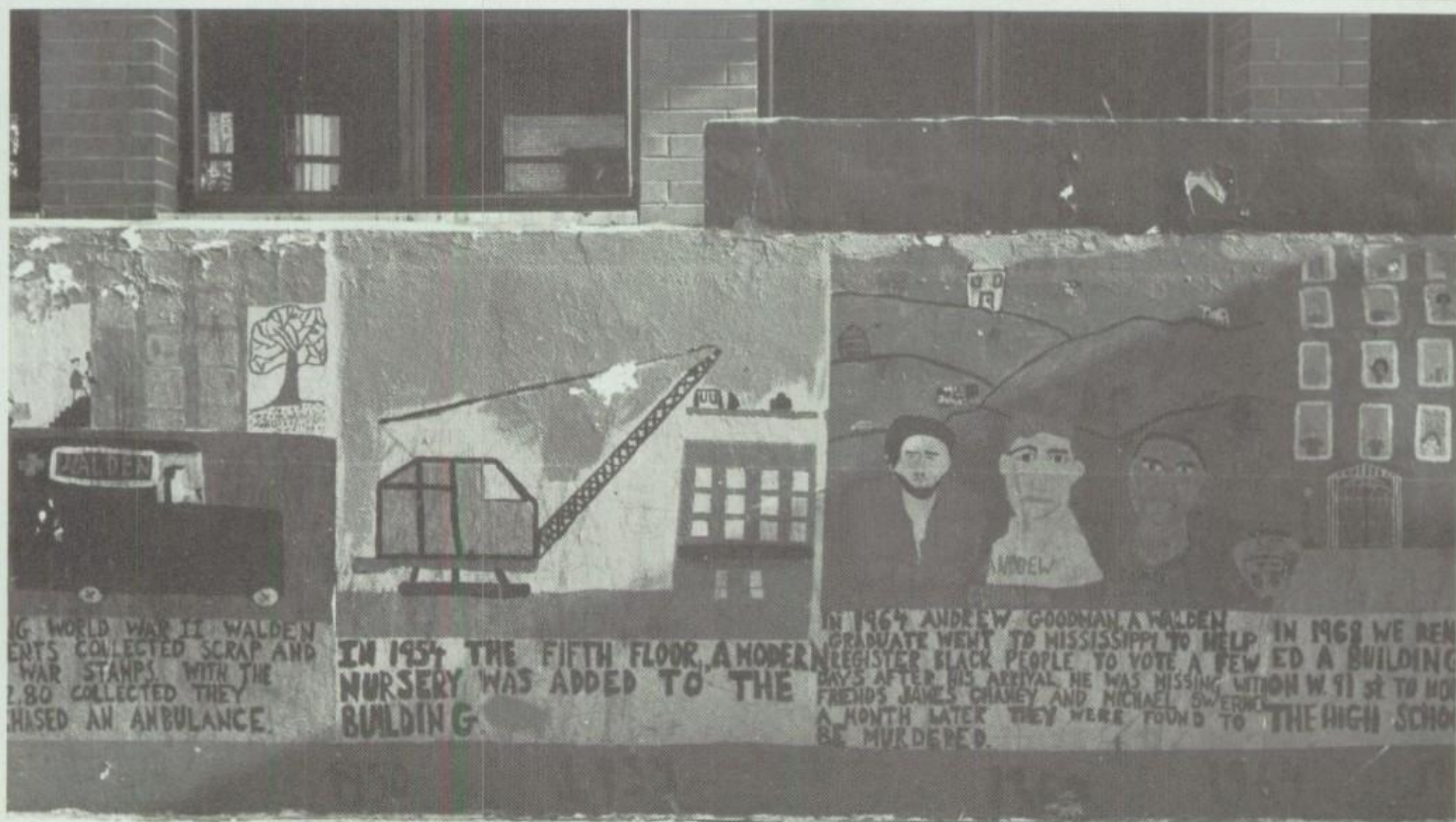
FIVE YEAR OLDS: Teacher, Ginny Duescher (left), Assistant teacher Shelley King (right). Rear Row: Briana Gordon, Antonio Bolfo, Justine Gordon, Evan Krick, Lindsay Baum, Melody Merker. Front Row: Rene Hidalgo-Torres, David Shifrin, Jennifer Deppe, Gabriela Salazar, Robby Sheehan.





FIVE/SIX YEAR OLDS: Teacher (left) Barbara Ridge, Assistant teacher (right) Shelly King, Back Row: Carly Mitchell, Andrew Nahon, Eva Lane, Jason Striker, Brendan Rothman-Hicks, Hillary deMarchena, Jeremy Raphael, Jane Reimer. Front Row: Lindsay Ryan, Ethan Abeles, Owyn Fischer, Samantha Miller.

SEVEN/EIGHT YEAR OLDS: Bernice Hauser's class: "They were bad," said Bernice, "they were very, very bad, and couldn't have their pictures taken." But ...





... when they were good, they had their picture taken!

SECOND / THIRD GRADES: Top Row, from left to right: Teacher, Bernice Hauser, Oren Abeles, Ken Rego. Middle Row: Matthew Green, Kree McLaughlin Cole, Nick Andors, Thomas Betjeman. Front Row: Jessica Fisher, Ben Davidson, Jennifer Egan, Gabriel Horan, Zoë Jacobs, Greg Wyles, Kapi Monoyios. Not in Picture: Fred Steindler.

FOURTH GRADE: Teacher Janet Sabloff (right). Rear Row, from left to right: Jennifer Strauchen, Joscelyne Sherman, Magda Brown, Donna Capato, Rachel Cole, Amanda Broomfield. Front row: Jacob Hamrick, Sean Parkinson, Alexander Kalkines, Paul Rosen.





FIFTH/SIXTH GRADES: Rear row, from left to right: Teacher Ray Godshall, Davey Bates, Sean Young, Jeremy Broomfield, Marc Ginsberg, Estee Pierce, Nicole Seate, Geeta Gadgil, Natasha Rudenjak. Middle row: Andy Brown, Douglas Reina, Philip Chew, Benjy Lauter, Josh Rosen. Front row trio: Catherine Steindler, Dawn Frazier, Rebecca Mitchell.

SEVENTH/EIGHTH GRADES: Back row, from left: Samantha Lokos, Tashana Anderson, Laini Hester, Darryl Thomas, Alfie Reyes, Teacher, David Smith. Front row, from left: Vicki Kirk, Nicole Whitted, Claudia Spinelle, Nadiyah Sabir, Chuck Tanzer, Adam Martinez. Not in photo: Claudine Easley.





7/8th graders in David's class



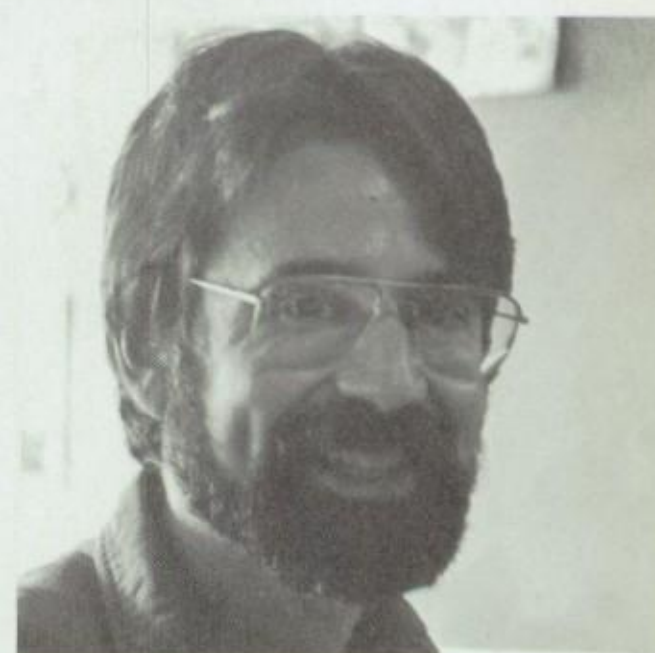
NINTH GRADES: Top Row, from left to right: Adam Jacobs, Elizabeth Connors, unidentified student from International Youth Hostel, Jennifer Cohen, C line Welles, another unidentified student. Simon Levenson (partially hidden). Katrina Fried, Nicholas Leichter, Krissie Gentile, and Lael Jacobs. Second row, seated, Lajuana Davis, John Mc Faul, Heather Mc Elroy, Dawn Reyes. Front Row: Dawn Loftis, Rahdiah Barnes.



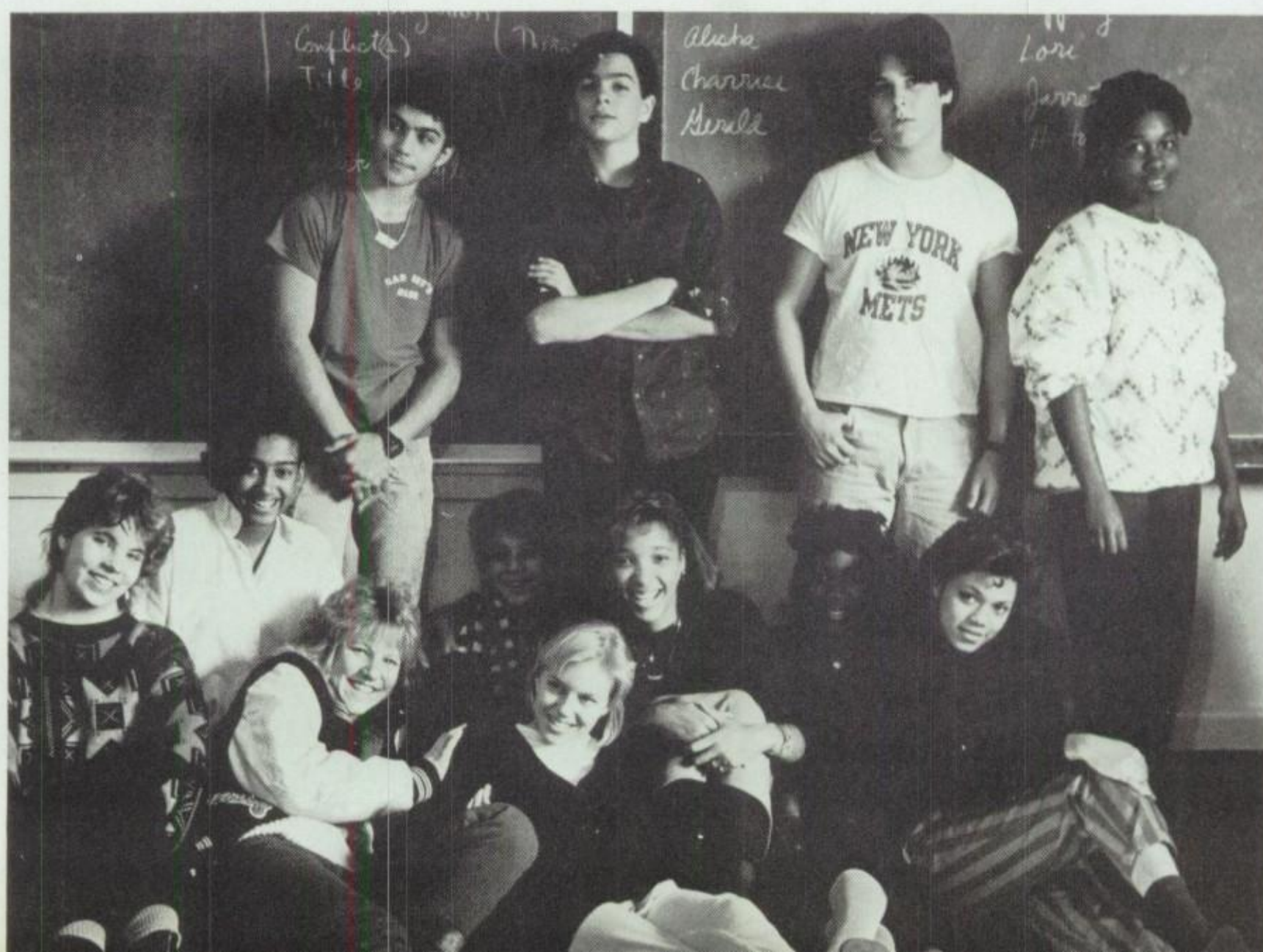


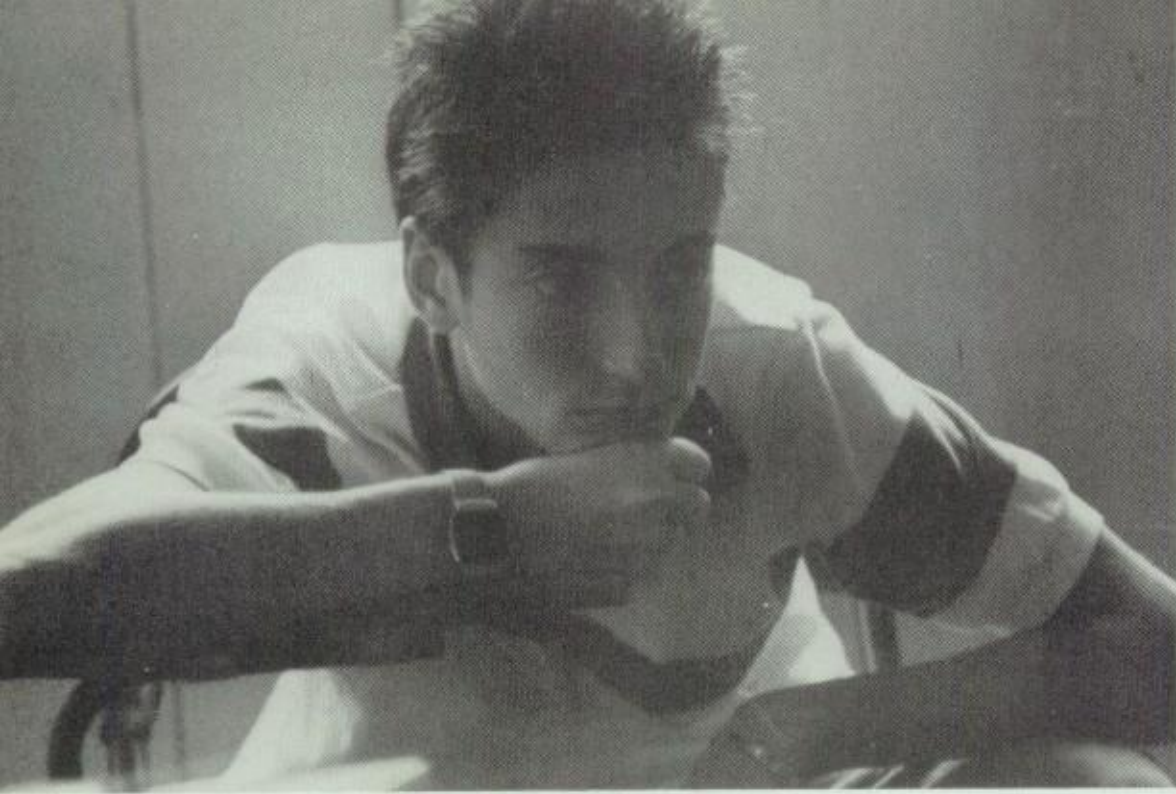
a.k.a. C line Welles

Drawings by Jade Rose



TENTH GRADE: Back Row, from left to right: Hector Maldonado, Gerald Laurino, Jarrett Horowitz, Charrise Henley. Middle Row: Nicole Harry, Erich Litoff, Alisha Williams, Tiffany Summerville, Lori King. Front Row: Laura Sullivan, Holly Cuthbertson, Nicole Barnette.





Third World Intellectual envisages the Future.



Above: Future Designer surveys the World.



Far left: A Walden dancer/visual artist is back.
Center: A sculptor succeeds.

Top Row, from left to right: Saahir Lone, Theodore Mavity, Natasha Page-Levin, Tanya Vel, Hadley Hudson, Michele Markowitz, Ned McDonald. Second Row: Christopher Stern, Ingrid Simon, Denise Bello, Dana Sands, Amy Williams, Sarah Gillen, Carla Thomas, Christopher Burns (partially hidden), Erika Alon, Stephanie Klein, Lisa DeRuiter, Cecilia Diner. Seated (Front Row): William Keh, Alison Dilling, Alison Dee, Jenny Miller (partially hidden), Natasha Fried, Kirstin Shank. Not in photograph: Kristen Carpenter.

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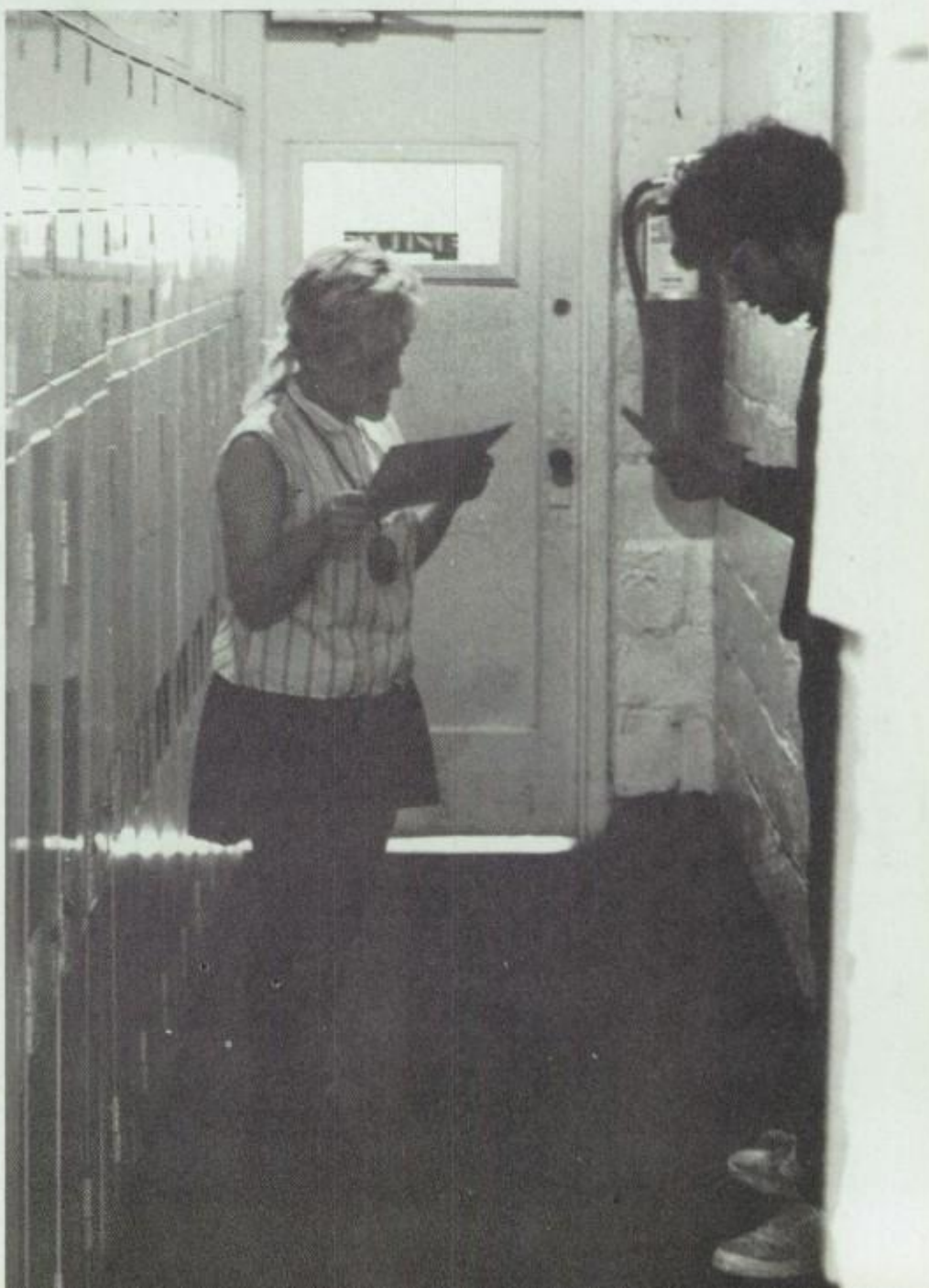


OF WALDEN



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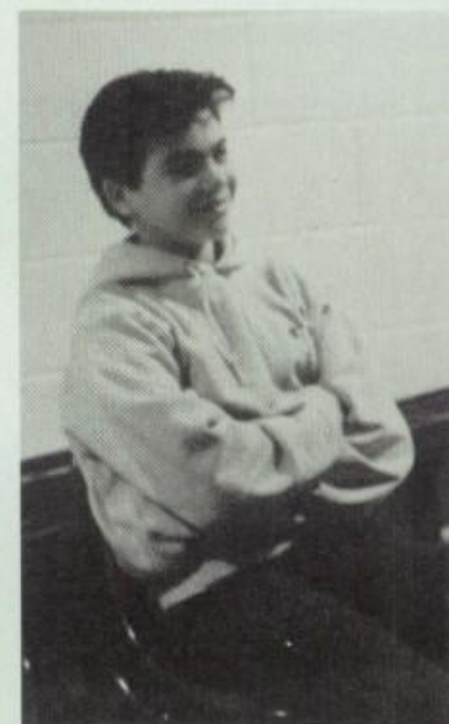
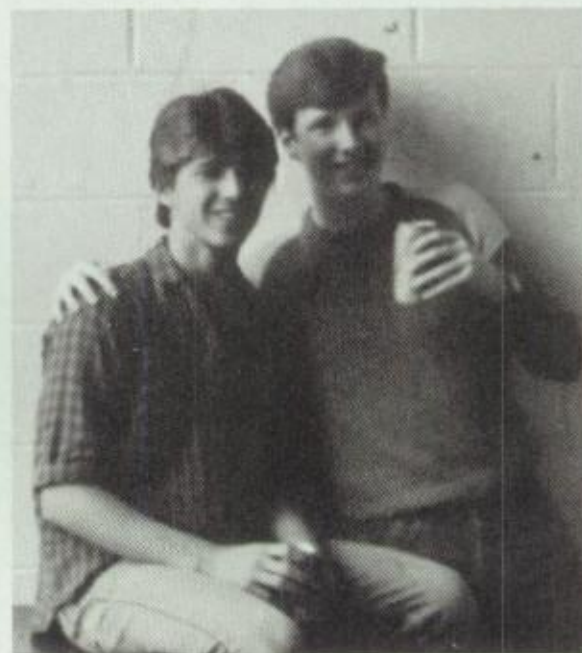
WHISPERS



GOOD FOOD AND FUN



GOOD FELLOWSHIP



UNITY DAY
INDOORS



SALUT, LES COPAINS ...



Twice told tales of Unca Marty

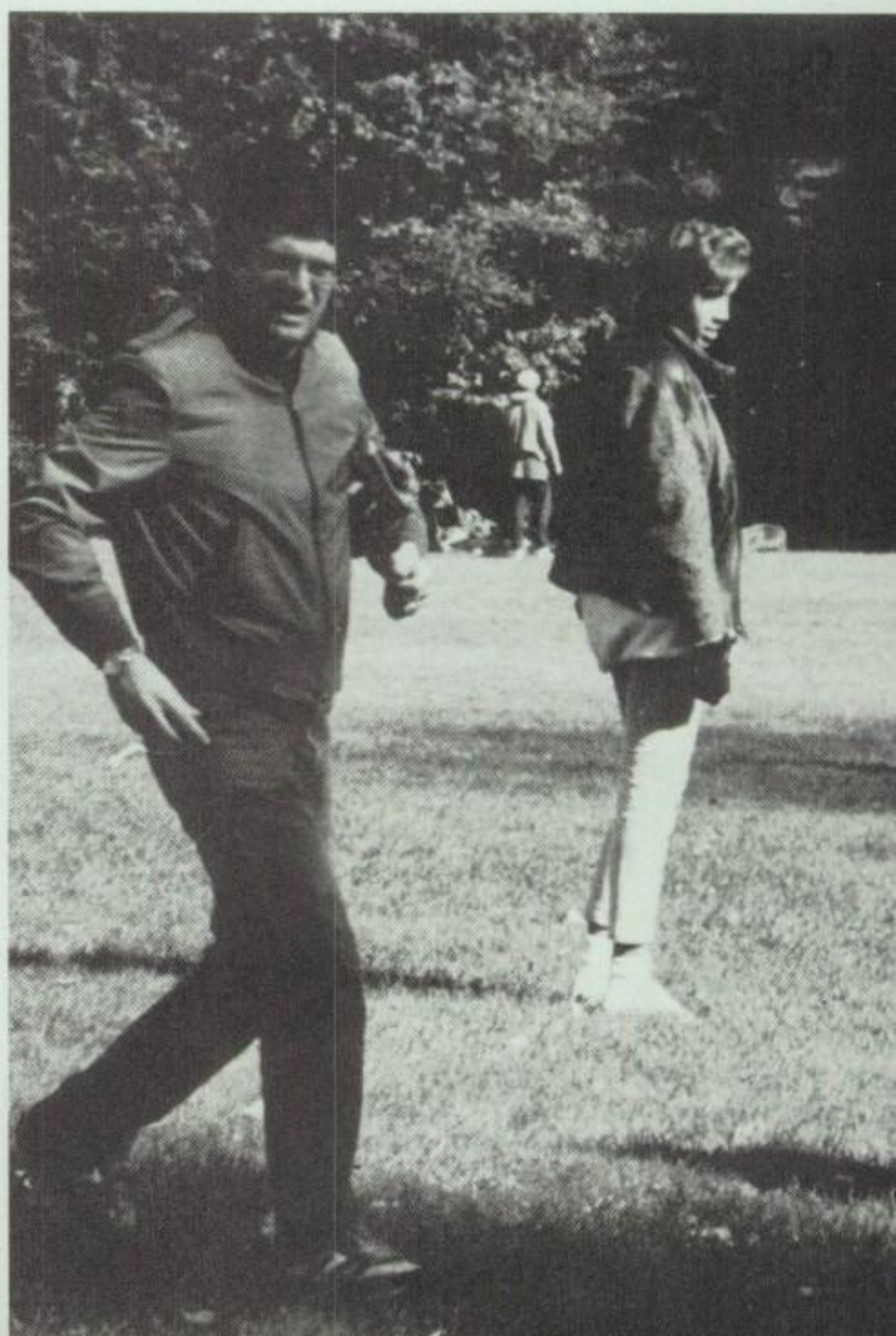




JOY



THE GREAT OUTDOORS





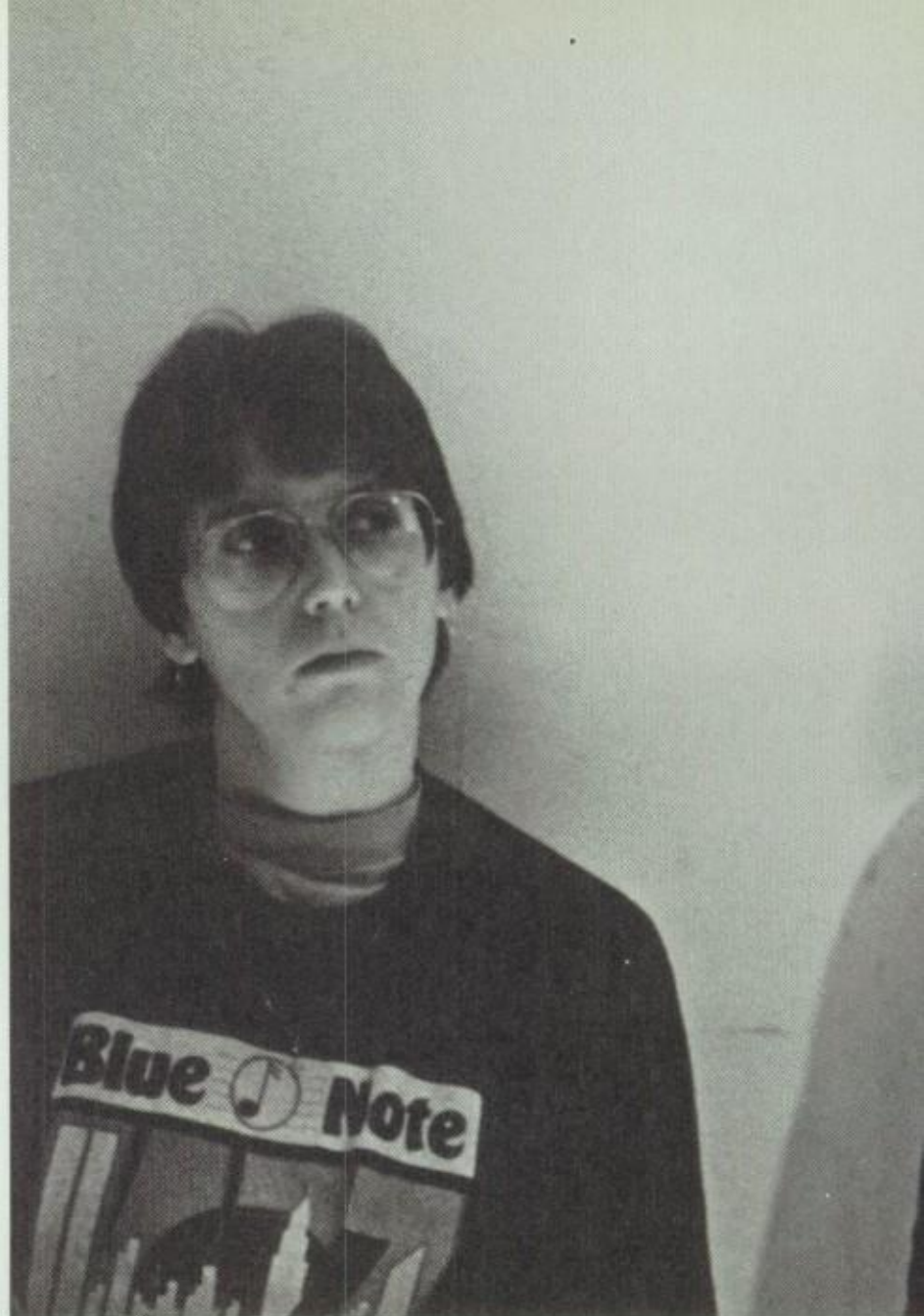
FALL UNITY DAY



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L'argent ne fait pas le bonheur
-old French proverb



WALDEN IN LOVE: GOOD



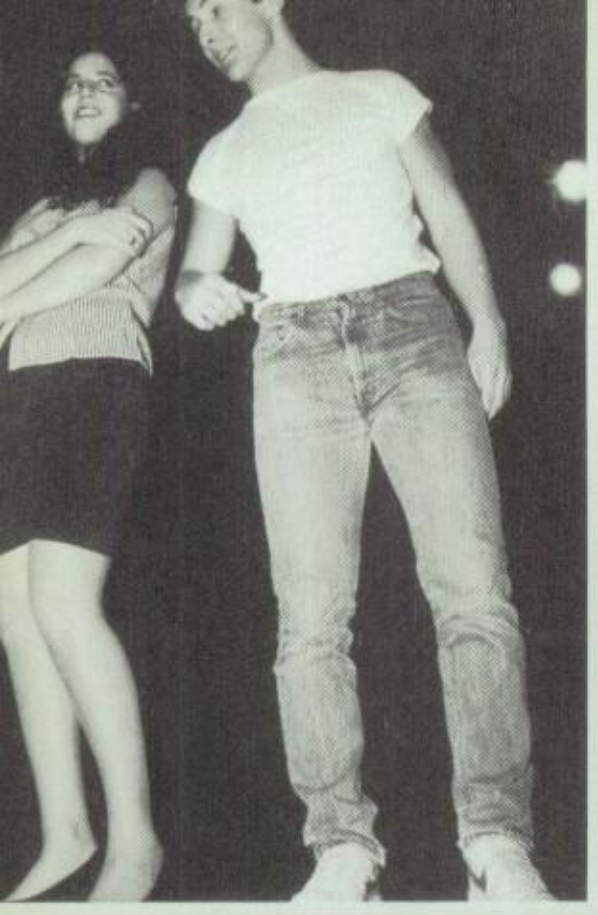


FRIENDS, ODD COUPLES



Ah, Red, Ah really loves you, Red!





BRETT ASTOR,
PHILIP BEHRENS



BAND: MIKE BAUMWOLL, JOHN MCFAUL, ERIC ASNESS



Front Row, from left to right: Jeremy Broomfield, Philip Chew, Marc Ginsberg, Doug Reina, Josh Rosen, Benjamin Lauters, Dawn Frazier, Rebecca Mitchell, Nicole Whitted, Nadiyah Sabir, Natasha Rudenjak, Amanda Broomfield, Rachel Cole, Jennifer Strauchen, Donna Capato, Madja Brown, Roscelyn Sherman, Tashana Anderson, and Claudia Spinelli. Back Row, Samantha Lokos, Claudine Easely, Laini Hester, Geeta Gadgil, Victoria Kirk, David Bates, Alfred Reyes, Sean Young, Jacob Hamrick, Adam Martinez, Andy Brown, Sean Parkinson, Darryl Thomas, Zachary Hamrick.

LORI ROBINSON, BRETT ASTOR, ERIK SELEKMAN, TED MAVITY

LAEL JACOBS



WALDEN ARTS FESTIVAL

WALDEN ARTS FESTIVAL '86

Walden celebrates Art and the Artist

The Evening Events

6:30 to 7:30

- Art Exhibit: Homage to Picasso •
- Video Interviews • Extremely Artistic Snacks •
- Excerpts from Gilbert & Sullivan's
- "Iolanthe" •

7:30 to 8:00

- STEP MONTANA •
- (fusion/Hendrix Band, in New Lobby)
- Band members: Michael Baumwall,
- Jarrett Keith-Morowitz and Billy Miller

8:00 to 9:00

(in Auditorium)

- "The Actors Nightmare" •
- by Christopher Durang (an adaptation)
- Cast: Brett Astor, Ted Mavity,
- Lori Robinson and Erik Selekmen

• The Singers •

Lael Jacobs and Erik Selekmen
with Jenny Miller

• "Dames At Sea" •

(a mini-musical)

Cast: Brett Astor, Philip Behrens, Ned McDonald
Jenny Miller, Todd Roan and Kalista Sale

9:00 to 9:30

• Jazz Band #9 •

(in New Lobby)

Band members: Eric Asness, Michael Baumwall,
Nicholas Leichter and John McFaul

9:30

• Choreolab: Dance Improvisation •

(in Auditorium)

Production Designer: Marc D. Malamud
Production Assistant: James Schoenfelder



LAINI HESTER

The Evening Events

6:30 to 7:30

- Art Exhibit: Homage to Picasso •
- Video Interviews • Extremely Artistic Snacks •
- Excerpts from Gilbert & Sullivan's
- "Iolanthe" •

7:30 to 8:00

• STEP MONTANA •

(fusion/Hendrix Band, in New Lobby)

Band members: Michael Baumwall,
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Band members: Eric Asness, Michael Baumwall,
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9:30

• Choreolab: Dance Improvisation •

(in Auditorium)

Production Designer: Marc D. Malamud

Production Assistant: James Schoenfelder

House Manager: Michelle Abeloff

ARTS FESTIVAL

LINDA SHELTON WITH LOWER SCHOOL CHILDREN AND PARENTS





POSTER DESIGN: DANA SANDS, ELEVENTH GRADE



ABOVE: NATASHA FRIED, 11TH GRADE



SCIENTIAE OVUM IN ACANTHUS POSITUM
GLADIOQUE DILIGENTIAE
IUVENALIS PERCUSSUM.

WALDEN INSIGNIA DESIGN
DAVID NETTO, TWELFTH GRADE



ABOVE: DESIGN FOR POSTER, NATASHA FRIED

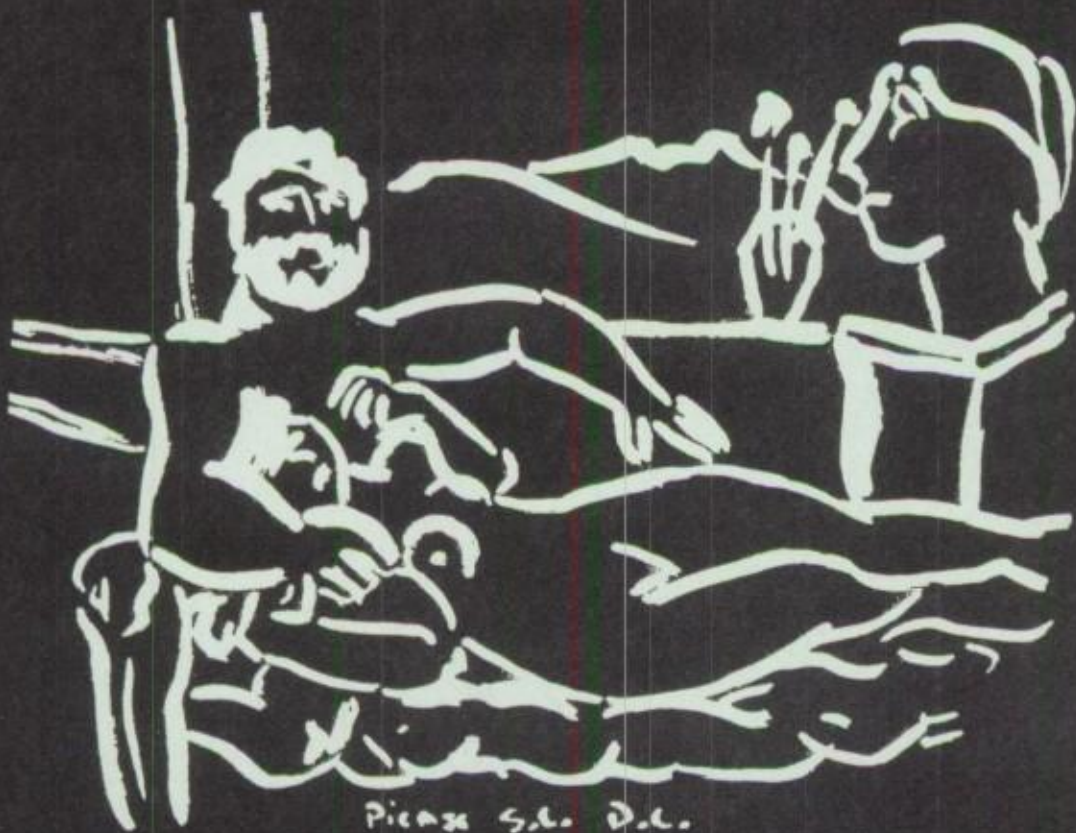


INGRID SIMON
DESIGN, 11TH GRADE

FESTIVAL T-SHIRT
LOGO DESIGN ►►



Back Row, from left to right: Laura Parisi, Alex Frankel, Zoe Wool. Front Row, idem: Josh Burgener, Patrick O'Grady, Nicholas Umbach, Molly Clarke, and Charlie Vos.



Picasso S.A. D.C.

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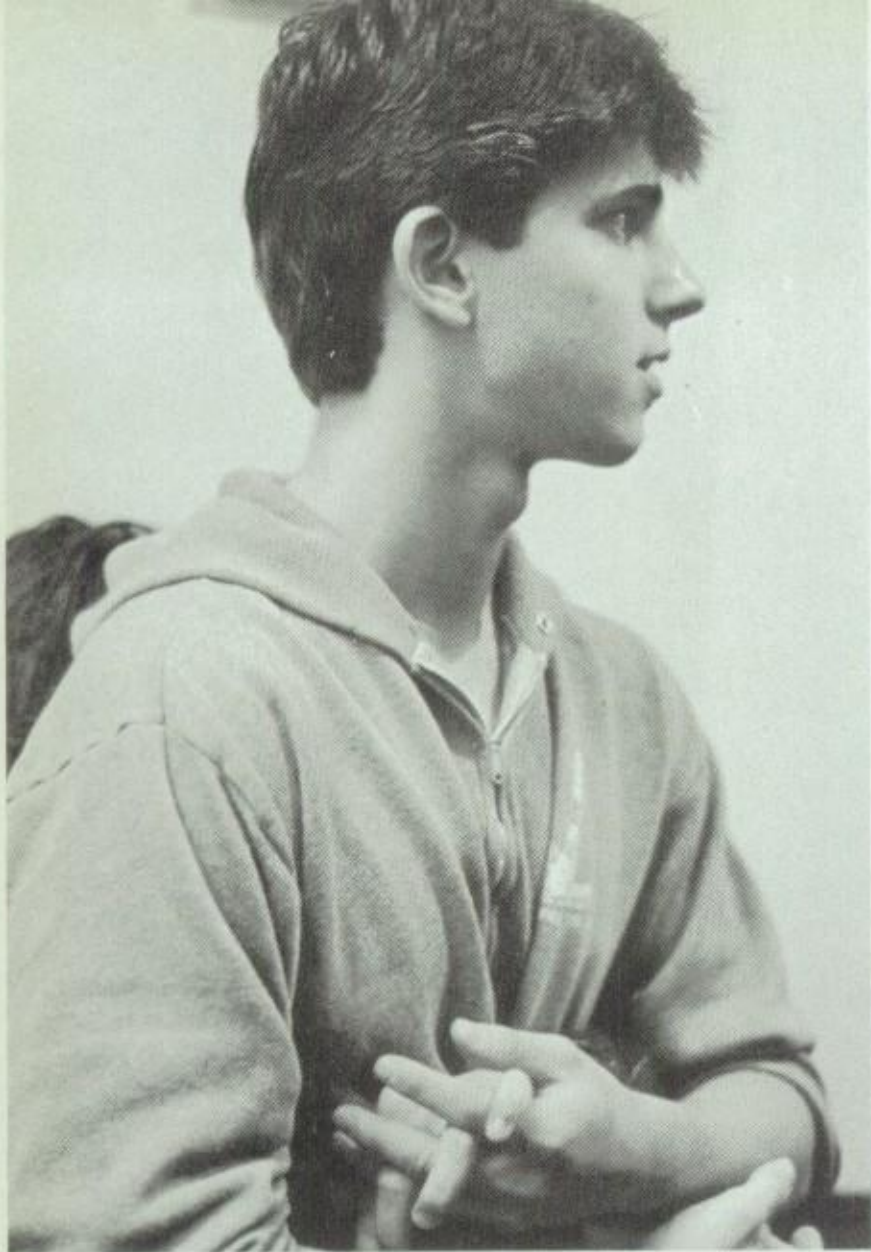


S. LEVENSON

ARTS

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PAPPERAZZI

WALDEN'S

↑Four-handed, Luke

Meditations on Walden↓





CANDIDS

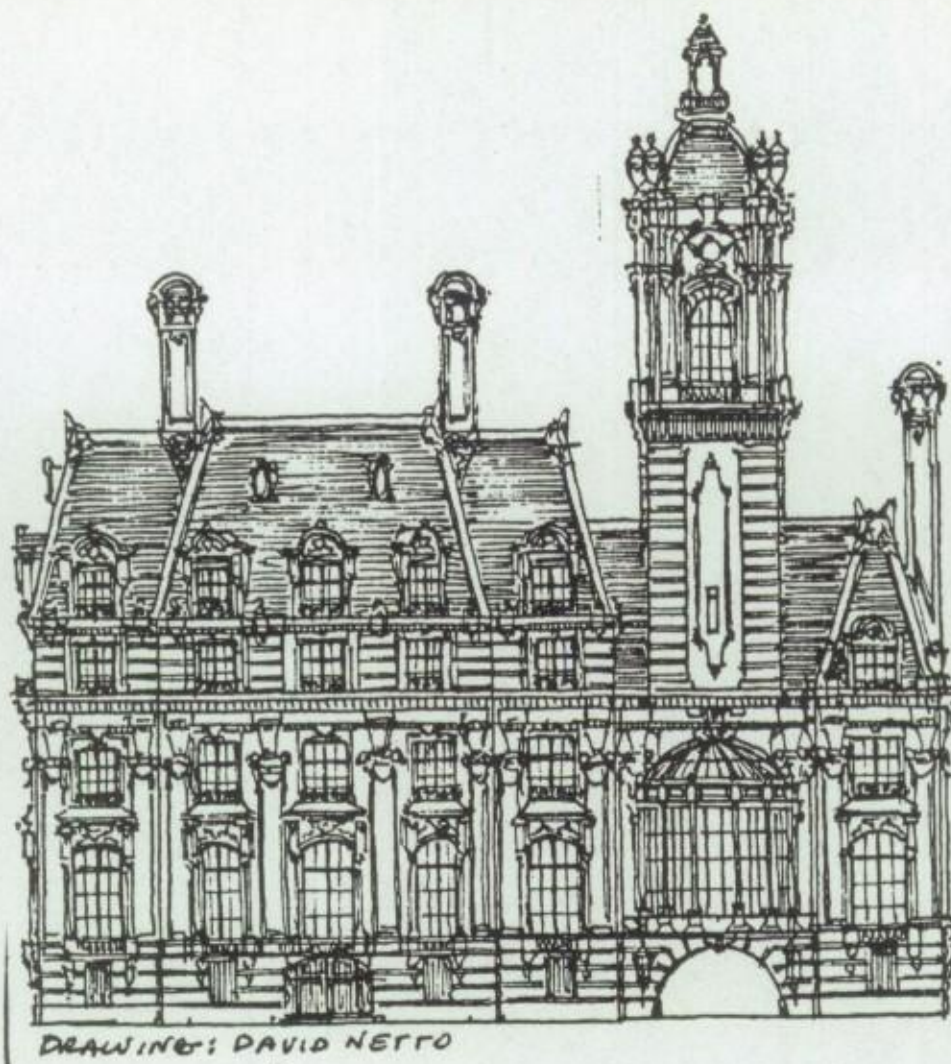
Look, ma, no hands . . .



COMING

the
DINING
ROOM

with
BRETT ASTOR
TONY
LAGOURANIS
NATASHA
PAGE-LEVIN
JON
MANITSKY



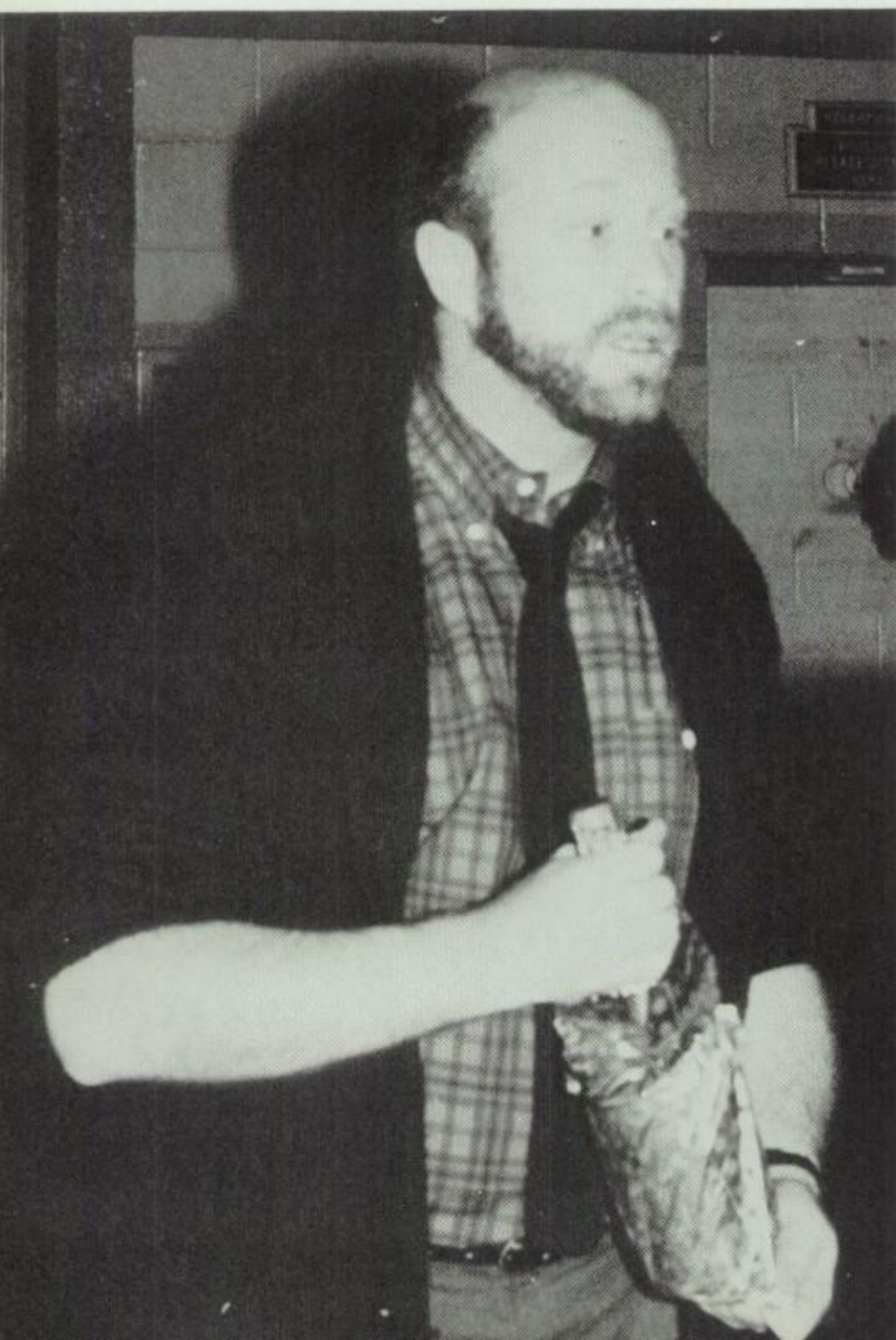
SOON
by
A. R.
GURNEY

JENNIFER
MILLER
DAVID
NETTO
KALISTA
SALE
and
ERIK
SELEKMAN

THEATER IN WALDEN: SUMMERTREE

The director pops one

The star and his amanuensis





From left to right: Erik Selekman, Tony Lagouranis, Kalista Sale, Ted Mavity, Marc Malamud, Kirstin Shank, and Paul Rosen.

The Walden Theatre
presents
SUMMERTREE

by
Ron Cowen
with

Tony Lagouranis, Ted Mavity, Natasha Page-Levin,
Doug Reina, Paul Rosen, Kalista Sale
and Erik Selekman

Scenic & Lighting Design
by
Marc D. Malamud

Directed
by
Bruce Caro

Technical Crew

Assistant to Mr. Malamud: Theresa M. Tritschler
Nick Leichter, Simon Levenson, Jarrett Keith Horowitz,
Hadley Hudson, Kirstin Shank

Auxiliary crew: Ian Alterman and Ms. Bah Lee

House Manager: Michelle Abeloff

Special Visual Prop: Stephen Ettinger

The Cast

Young Man.....	Tony Lagouranis
Little Boy.....	Doug Reina or Paul Rosen
Mother.....	Natasha Page-Levin
Father.....	Ted Mavity
Girl.....	Kalista Sale
Soldier.....	Erik Selekman

The Cast and Crew of Summertree would like to thank
the following people for their help with
this production:

Ian Alterman, Miriam Cadiz, Martha Cox,
Jorge Cruz, Stephen Ettinger, Sabine LaRose,
Al Perez, Dana Reimer, Pat Rutherford,
Sheila Wood, Chris Stern
Discovery Programs

SUMMERTREE

WALDEN WRITES, IS LITERATE

THE STORY OF THE SUN

Many millions of years ago the planet Earth was a place of war and death. The war was between Calaro, the goddess of peace and light, and Nozam, the god of war and darkness. Calaro fought for light and Nozam for darkness. Both gods had equally large and powerful armies. The difference, though, which decided the outcome, was the god Trust.

Trust was a member of Nozan's military. He would disguise himself as a soldier in Calaro's army and quickly earned the trust of all the soldiers with whom he was stationed. As soon as he gained their trust, he would kill each one of them, through elaborate methods of murder.

When Calabro finally realized who Trust really was, she sentenced him to death by a firing squad.

As the shots rang out, he burst into millions of pieces, and little bit of Trust landed in every living human being's heart. Trust had left his mark for eternity.

Eventually, the number of Calaro's soldiers decreased to a very few. Seeing the opportunity, Nozam launched a world-wide attack against his enemy. This attack was a success and Nozam came out of the war as victor.

For the following three years, the Earth lingered in darkness. Calaro tried to create light innumerable times, but all her attempts were unsuccessful. She knew that she had to do something to bring light to the world again once, or the human race would die out.

One day, a feeble old man entered Calaro's heaven. He told her that he had been brought there to become a god, because he had led a sinless life. He also told her that he knew of her quest for light, and could be of help to her, if only she would allow him. He claimed to know a true, existing source of, light, the only remaining source of light in the world.

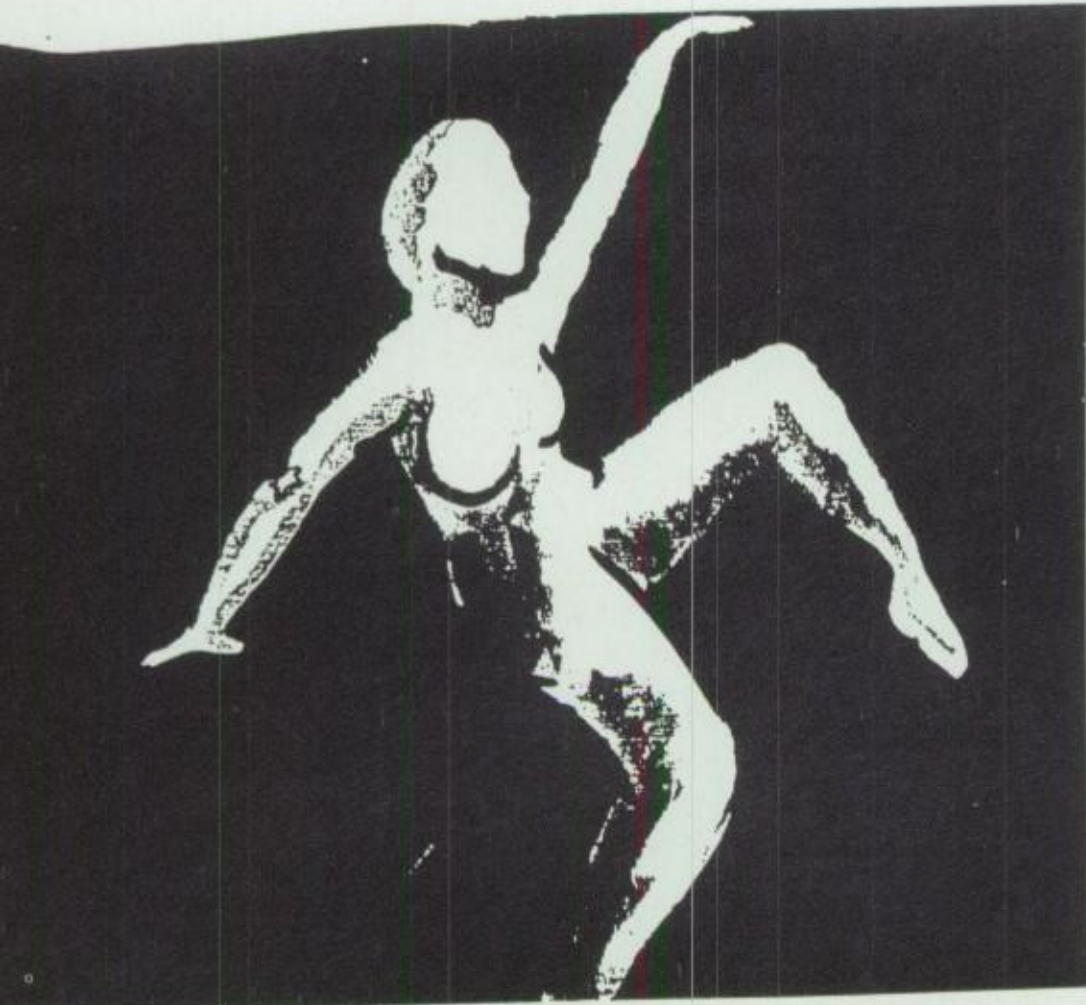
He showed her the location of a huge stone castle and said that within its walls was a ball of light which was guarded by Nozam himself, and the ten strongest mortals in the world. He said that no god or mortal had ever come within a mile of this castle, but that he alone knew of the secret passage way into the castle, which was unguarded.

Calaro knew that if he were telling the truth, the only person who could get into the castle unseen was her son Remo. The goddess wanted very much to believe the old man, but she was afraid. She was afraid to trust him, as she had been deceived by Trust once before. For all she knew, the old man could have been sent by Nozam to destroy her, or even worse, her son. On the other hand, if he were telling the truth, this action would save the human race.

Calaro decided to risk it, by putting what she loved in jeopardy. She decided to trust the old man. She also made him a god, one of Faith and Wisdom. She sent Remo off, and in two days he returned to his mother with the glowing ball of light. Calaro, upon receiving this treasure, tossed it into the sky where it remains today, as the sun which lights the universe and our lives with beauty and warmth.



-Katrina Fried, 9th gr.



Side by Side
I sit by my reflection
I stare inside the eyes
Of a water interpretation
A rippled wave
Breaks my concentration

His hand moves with mine
A leaf falls down
But it's caught in time
Before my other side
Has a chance to fade away.

He stays with me
And holds me there
We talk as one
We watch and stare.

Then I notice
A heartbeat missing
My time is gone
Thrown: three pennies wishing
For a life of their own
But do they know the complications
Frustrations
Temptations
O concentrate
-on a water interpretation.

-Jonathan Manitsy,
12th grade.

Drawing by Simon Levenson

There was something inside of her
Something I had never seen
Strength, a beauty
All, it was a dream

Throwing pennies into shallow ponds
Hoping that my dream will come true
This feeling that's inside of me
Is because of you

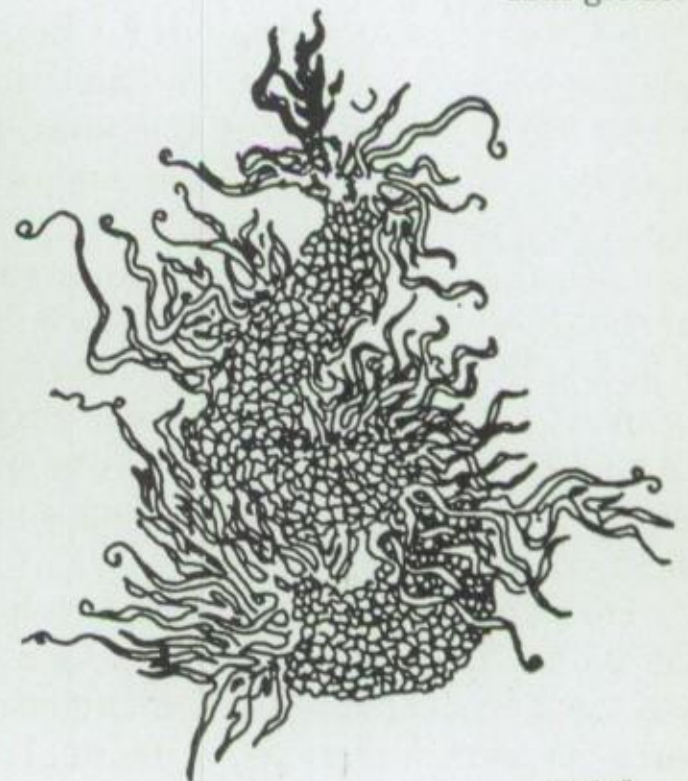
My heart surrenders freely
Each and every glance
The flames that are within her eyes
That burn with every chance

My longing for her never ends
My passion will not die
I see her smile within my dreams
And my obsession won't question why

To break these chains
That others hold
To fight through all the walls
And if I risked my heart and life
Would you still be my 'fall'?

But my dream, this wonderful dream
Is because of you
It will never stop
And I must confess
That I don't want it to

-Jonathan Manitsky
12th grade



JANE KANE



DAY OF JUDGEMENT

For the lovers of war
who cry out for more
for the brothers backs turned
and the dead sadly mourned
Day of Judgement will come

Then speaketh the dumb
The more for the needy
And less for the greedy
Day of Judgement will come

Torment us no more
the evils of man
And it shall be on Earth
as it is in Heaven

And light will reign
And bells will ring
Let welcome be given
to our newfound King

Blessed is he as is all others
The sorrow of murdered children,
never more
For the fathers and mothers

Light will reign
Bells will ring
Let welcome be given
to the newfound King

THE BATH

It's where I read
It's where I think
It's where I waste a lot of ink
It's where I go, once risen from bed
It's where I go, to wash my head
To bathe
Too hot!
Too cold!
Too dark
The water has smudged by bold pen mark

Soapy, sudsy, slippery soap
Suddenly squirming out of hand
into a bubbly unseen land
Deep down under
one million windows
Myself, I see,
That's all that shows.

Lobby of St. Regis Hotel
Drawing by Anna Eng, 12th g.



THE PIECES OF ME

The pieces of me, the pieces of me
that fill my soul,
from head to toe they course,
out and through my veins.

The music.
The laughter and the tears for
long last lovers.

The drums, the beats, the flowers
and hours past under whispering
willow trees.

The thoughts,
the ideas and conflicts.
The hated, the loved.

The struggle for meaning.
The center of my being
from head to toe.
Everything has beauty.

They are pieces of me.

FOUR POEMS
by Michael Baumwell,
12th grade



LIFE

Life is alive,
Alive and thriving.
From the omniscient eye
it is all from near to far,
a universal high.
From the mother of all
we are blessed
with her muscle,
her blood,
her veins,
her soul and rain.
And the rustle of tall
creeking trees
Swaying silently,
Soundless in the boundless
skies.
But, after all, life is a
bit more.
It's the city alive with
music and art.
It's music, the wavering
notes and harmonies,
The threads that bond our
fellow man.
The unstoppable armies of
inevitable doom,
The humble beauty of starlit
moon.
It's everything for the sight
of none.
It is the key,
The beginning and end:
It is one.



Drawing by Simon Levenson after
Absinthe Drinkers of Picasso



TEARS OF A CLOWN

The rain was weaving a silver web in the trees. The motor died in the driveway. He got up and went to the window and watched her come up the steps. He dreaded telling her but he had to do it. The fire glowed in the fireplace.

He saw the pain in her eyes as she understood what he was saying to her. She ran out the door. The motor reared in the driveway. He sat on the couch and held his head in his hands. The screech of the brakes was a sound that would echo in his heart forever. He flung open the door and stared with horror in his eyes at the burning metal. The fire in the fireplace went out.

The sirens rang in his ears as he drove up to the hospital emergency entrance. Through the glass door he saw a figure in white emerge from a room. He entered the hospital just as her mother began to cry. He stood silent and cried the tears of a clown.

-Krissy Gentile 9th grade



Dawn

Krissy

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Old Woman: I never understood it. People wearing tatoos on their skin to show that they had been marked. Hair dyed purple and blue just to show that life in some way imprinted them? What's the point? I believe that your marks come naturally. You know? I mean, if you looked, really looked, you can see probably a person's whole life written out there on their face. Now, look at my face, really look. What do you see?

You see this cut, right up here? It's kind of hidden by my hair. This is Daddy, yeah, Daddy. Daddy did this to me in some way. I don't remember how or what for, lying, forgetting to say please, talking back, jeezus, it's been a long time, but the scar's still there.

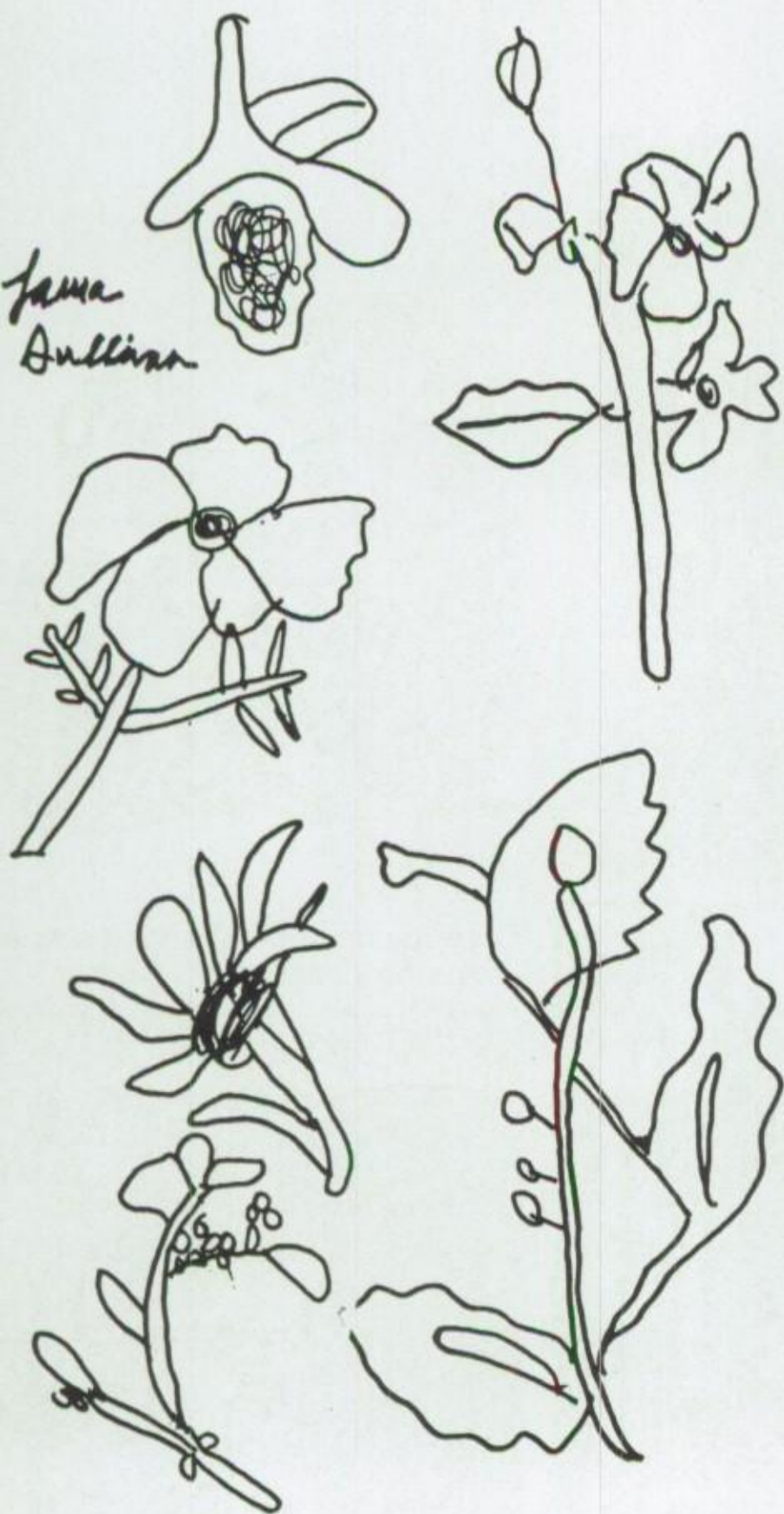
Since I was young, and until now, I picked cotton. When I was very young, it was kind of voluntary. I liked being out in the open field, away and free. Free from the small, beaten down cottage with blue window shutters and doors. Free of Daddy and his heavy hand. Free of the seven brothers and sisters, and free of the ordinary, of the monotony. Picking cotton cut the monotony. Later, it would be monotony itself. This chore helped me to release my frustrations as I picked and picked with vigor and vitality. The cotton struck back, leaving bloody sore hands after each day and marks and scars that still can be seen.

The old woman strokes her arm.

Perhaps, no, the thing that has definitely marked me the most as well as has been my most definite mark is my skin, my black skin. It has been the source of my enjoyment and pain, my acceptance and my isolation. I have always been aware of my skin; it's like a sign, that everyone reads, telling who I am, and where I come from. People with the same sign look on with interest and know that we share a common heritage. People with a different skin, well, their reactions vary. But isn't that what life's about? reading signs, real signs, real marks?

So, I advise you. Take a good look at your friend, at yourself. Perhaps, no, definitely you'll learn something.

-Dawn Loftis, 9th grade



DISORDERS OF THE PERSONALITY

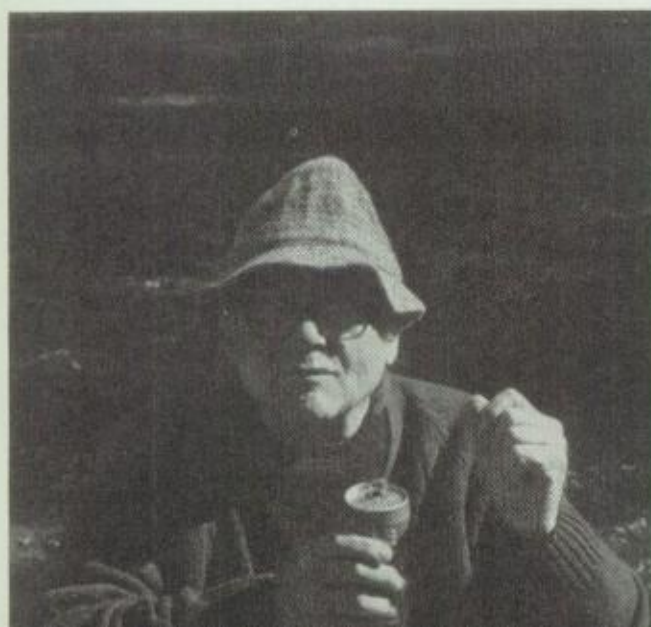
a short discourse with photographic images
by
HERR DOKTOR DUNALDO VOODOOMIR SHTÜKLER
of the Akademia Waldenesis



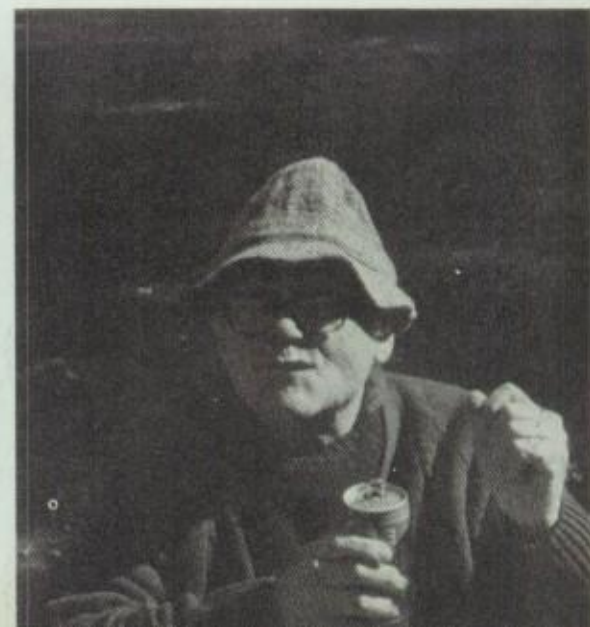
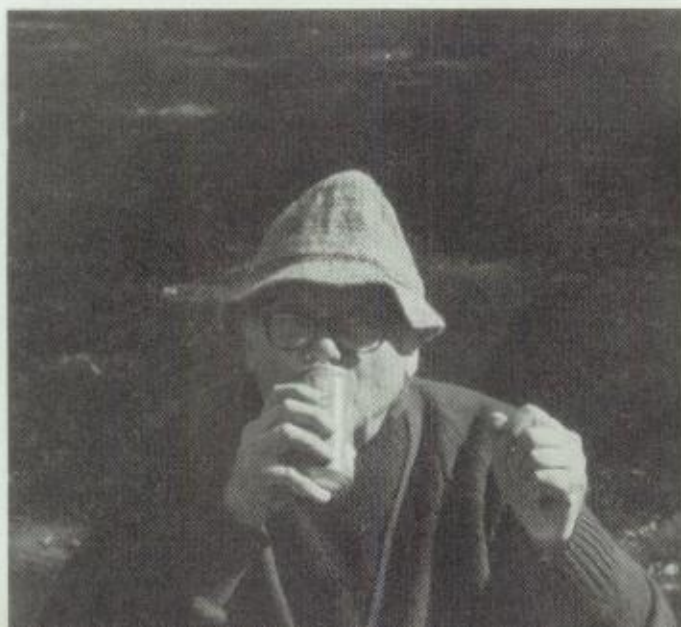
P
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W
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S
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Body behavior often reveals the incompatibility of personality. Comportment such as eating, smelling, drinking, are but clues to early childhood fixations which can be classified as the "pheh," "whew," "chew," and "spew" types.

Neurosis results from the confrontation of the repressed taboo with adult social performance. For example, the "pheh" phase stems from having listened as a small child to one's Bubba say, "pheh," whenever things went wrong.

The "whew" phase is having to pronounce the magical word whenever the child was relieved of some mishap. Whereas, the "chew" is a source of satisfaction in itself. Finally the "spew" fixation has, as the source of infantile gratification, the wish to reproach everyone with everything.

In the following photo essay, worthy of Muybridge, the sequences succinctly capture the disordered persona. The roving camera man, David Netto, fixed these fixations for the yearbook.



C
H
E
W



SLEEP

Across a city from you,
I am with you
just as a November night.
Moony, inlet-warm, sea-bathed
I watched you sleep,
the scrubbed, sheenless wood of the
dressing table,
cluttered with our brushes, books.
vials in the moonlight,
or, a salt-mist orchard,
lying at your side.

Watching red sunset through
the screen door of the cabin,
the G-minor of Mozart
on the tape recorder,
falling asleep
to the music of the sea.

This island of Manhattan
is wide enough
for both of us, and narrow.
I can hear your breath tonight,
I know how your face lies
upturned, the half-light tracing
your generous delicate mouth,
where grief and laughter
sleep together.

FLY AWAY

If you want to fly away
spread your wings
sing your song
then go.

When it feels too hard to stay
leave me, babe,
find yourself another.
Fly away.

I know we've tried
to hide the problems,
now it seems they're growing.
We won't cry.
Fly away.

Don't let that golden hair
get in your way,
baby, fly away.
Just remember,
leave me with a tune,
a part of you,
in harmonies,
a solo, too.
And then don't hide,
Just fly away.

CLARITY

With your eyes open
Can you see mountains
rolling in your mind?
You could be walkin' anywhere
then someone sees you dreamin'
Visions interrupted,
Leavin' decisions behind.

With your eyes closed
can you see pain
flowing through the sunshine?

Maybe you're alone now,
wishin' someone d'come along
Spend some time decidin'
cyrin' - cold outside.

With eyes of clearness
I've watched stillness
and movement in a stream
they can' compare
for they are not the same
Just as beauty,
Just as pain,
And both at different
points in time
will be seen by eyes open
-closed and clear again.

Three poems by C line Welles, 9th grade

POETRY in Walden is very important. Many of the poems in this section were written in Eric Weisberg's poetry class. In 1987 Eric launched a literary and arts magazine.



John McFaul



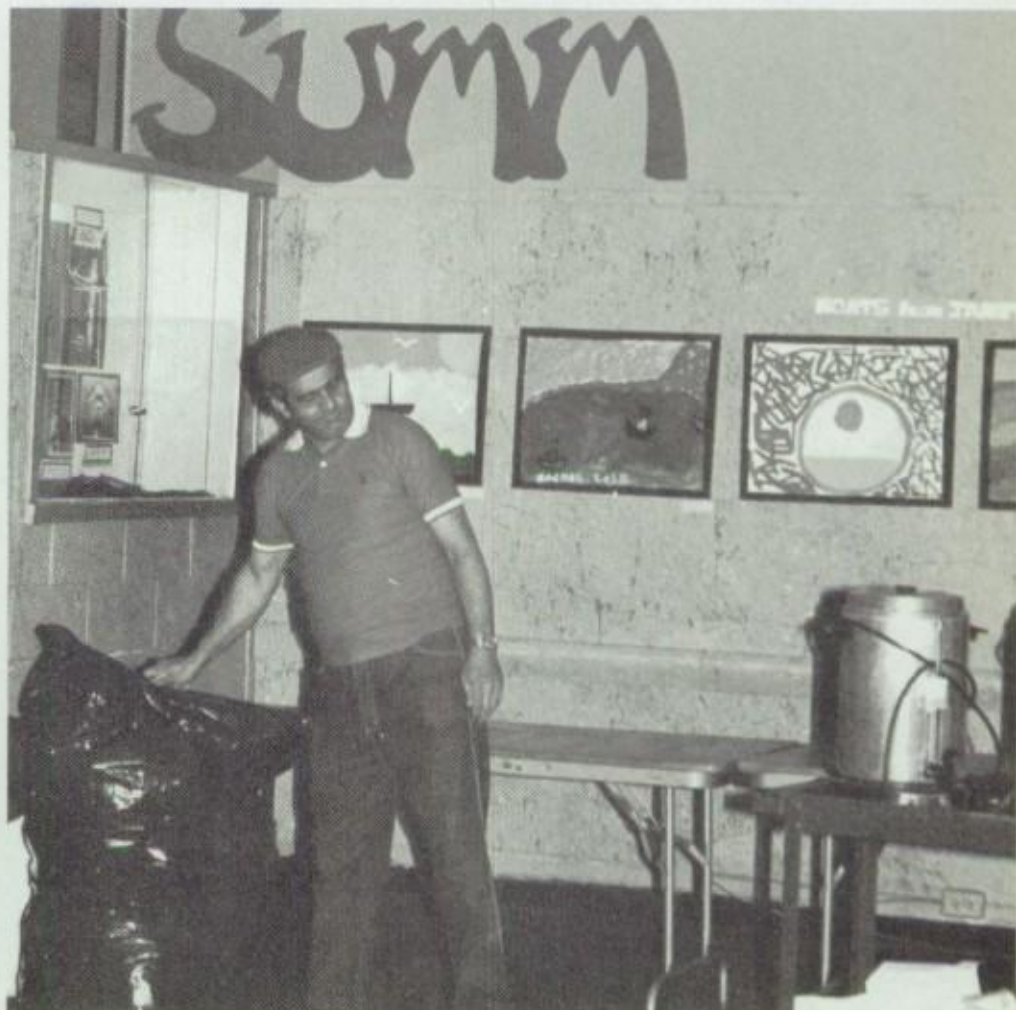
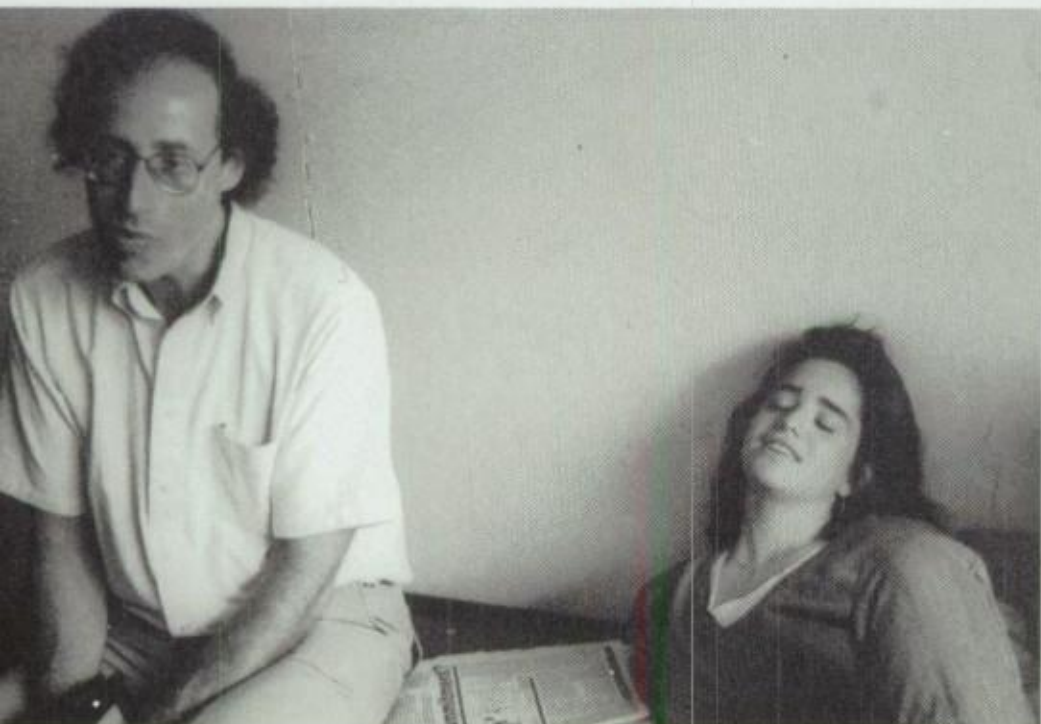
Above: *DEATH AND TRANSFIGURATION*, after Richard Strauss' tone poem, inspired by a theme in Frederick Nietzsche's essays. Below: *TWO CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR*, a pastiche of Pirandello's title of a play, or, Waiting for Nabokov?



Above: *THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER* by Alow Sillitoe. Below: *LOWER DEPTHS*, after Maxime Gorki

LIFE BECOMES ART: ART INTO LIFE

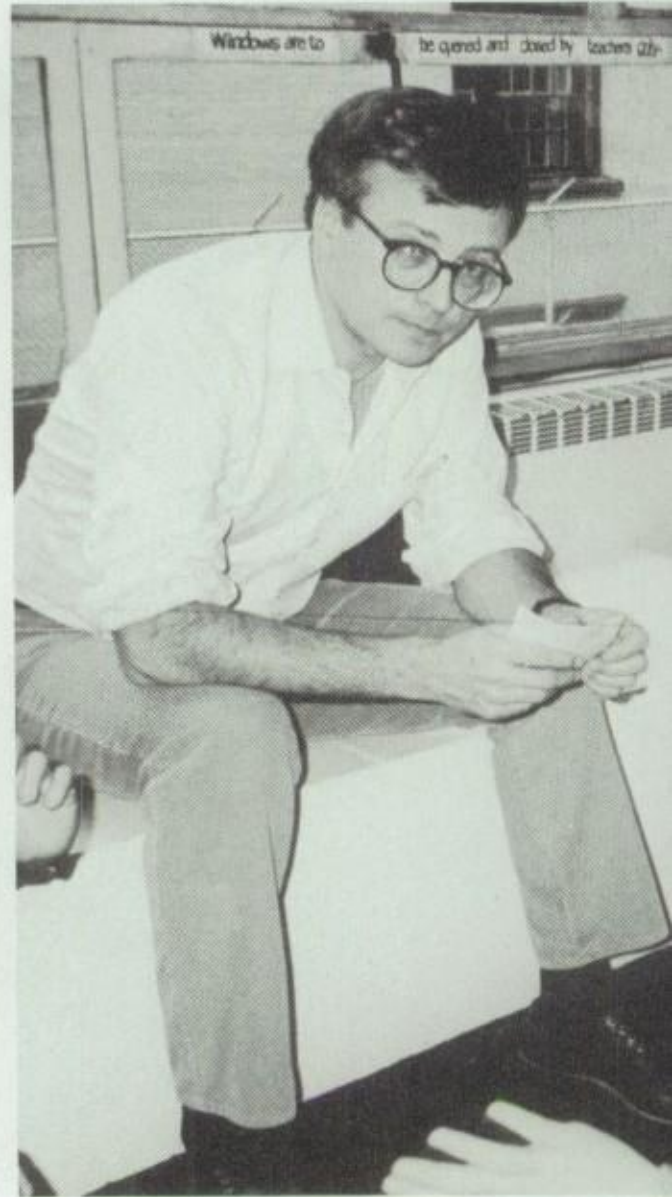
Walden takes literature seriously to the extent of living literary themes as daily routine. Thanks to our roving photographer the Yearbook gladly presents this essay. Bottom: *THREE MEN IN A TUB*, by Jerome K. Jerome



UNCANDID FEATURES OF SOME . . .



Couple of the year?



Mr. Chips and the Deep Meaning of Life

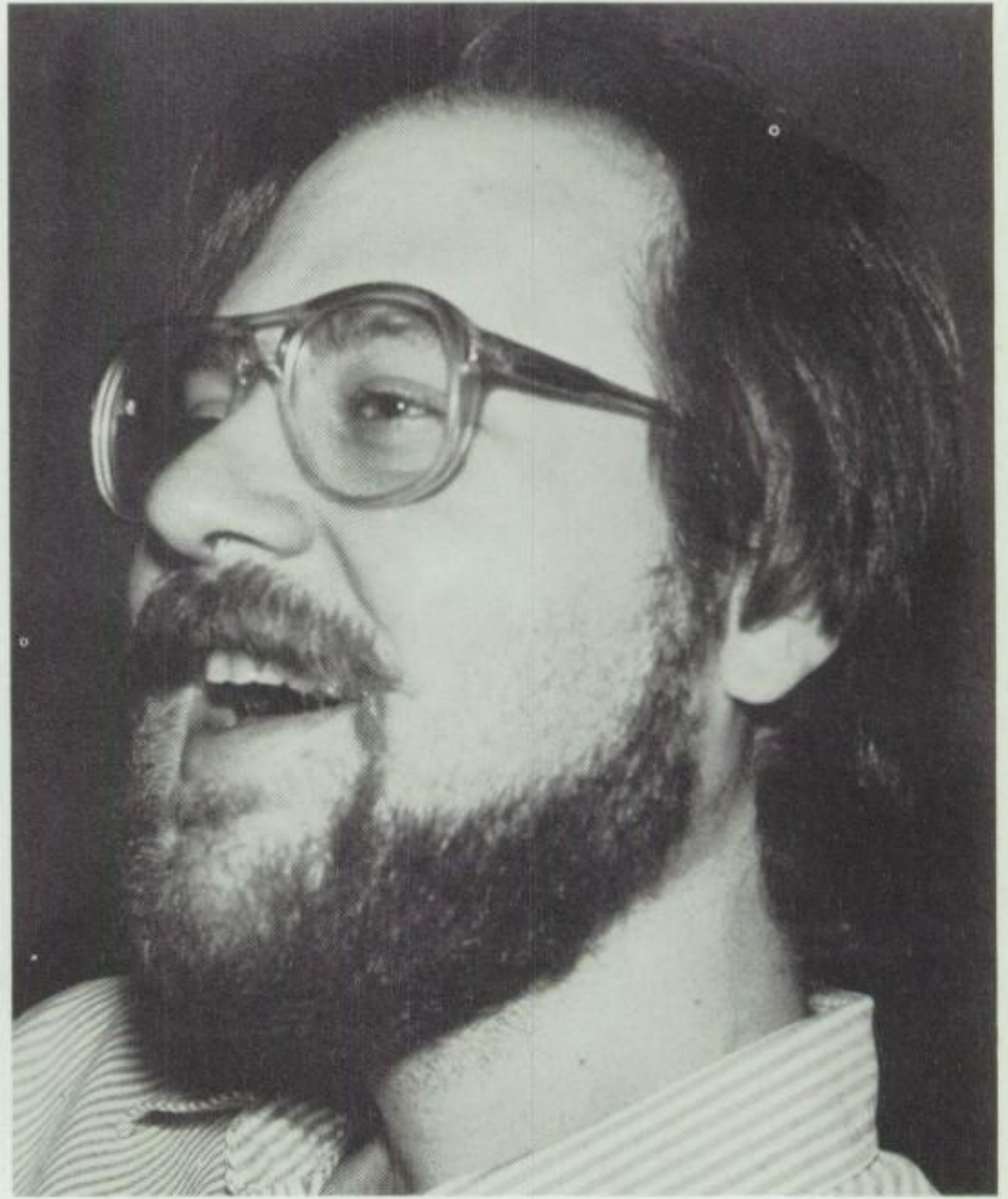


Double, double, boil and trouble



Tell me not what you eat but with whom you eat.

UNCOMMON TEACHERS



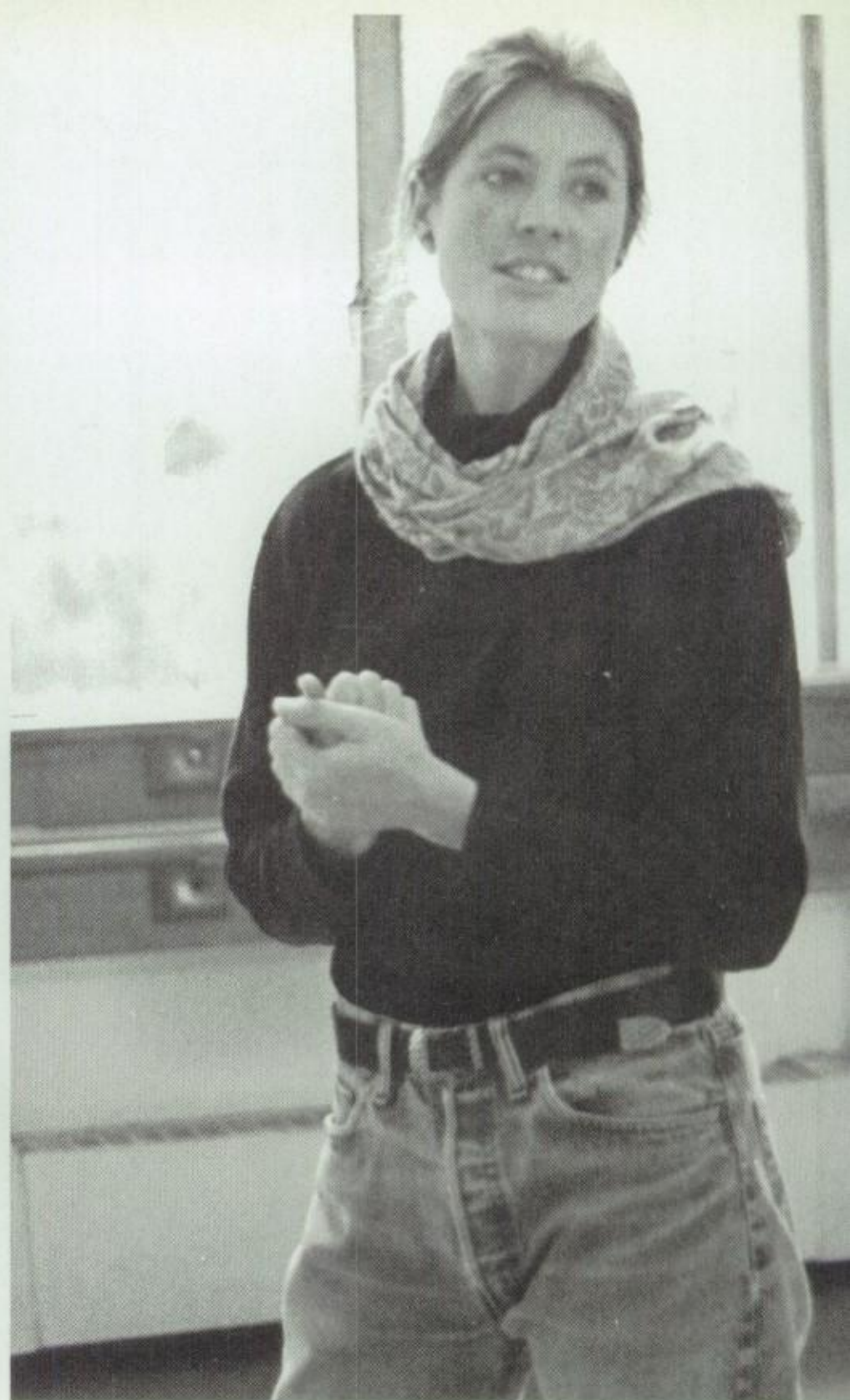
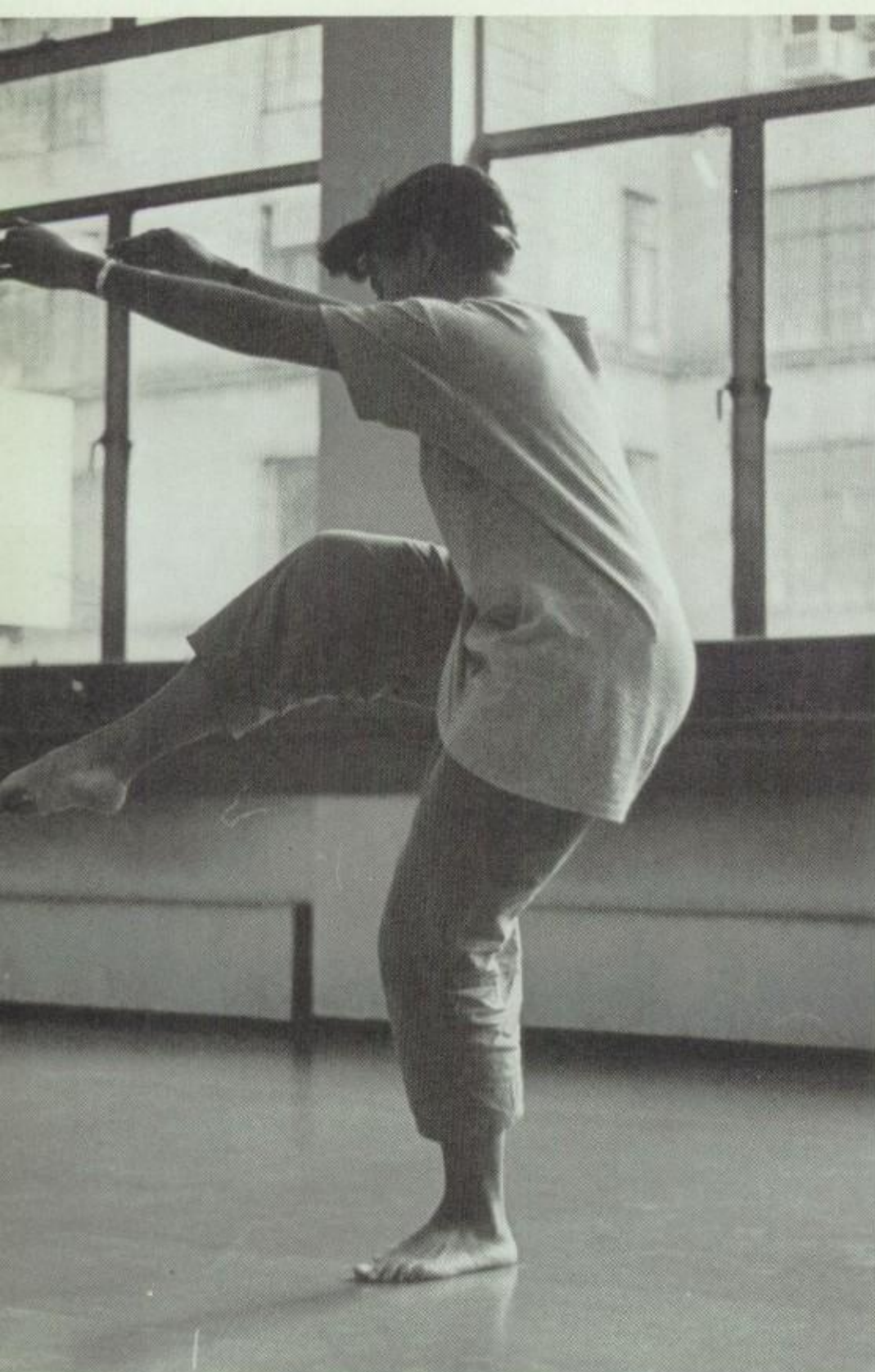
Lyle Cooter Rides Again



From left to right: Ann Schaumburger, David Smith, Martha Cox, Lois Hilton. Back to camera: Ray Godshall.



I have a dream! What's yours?



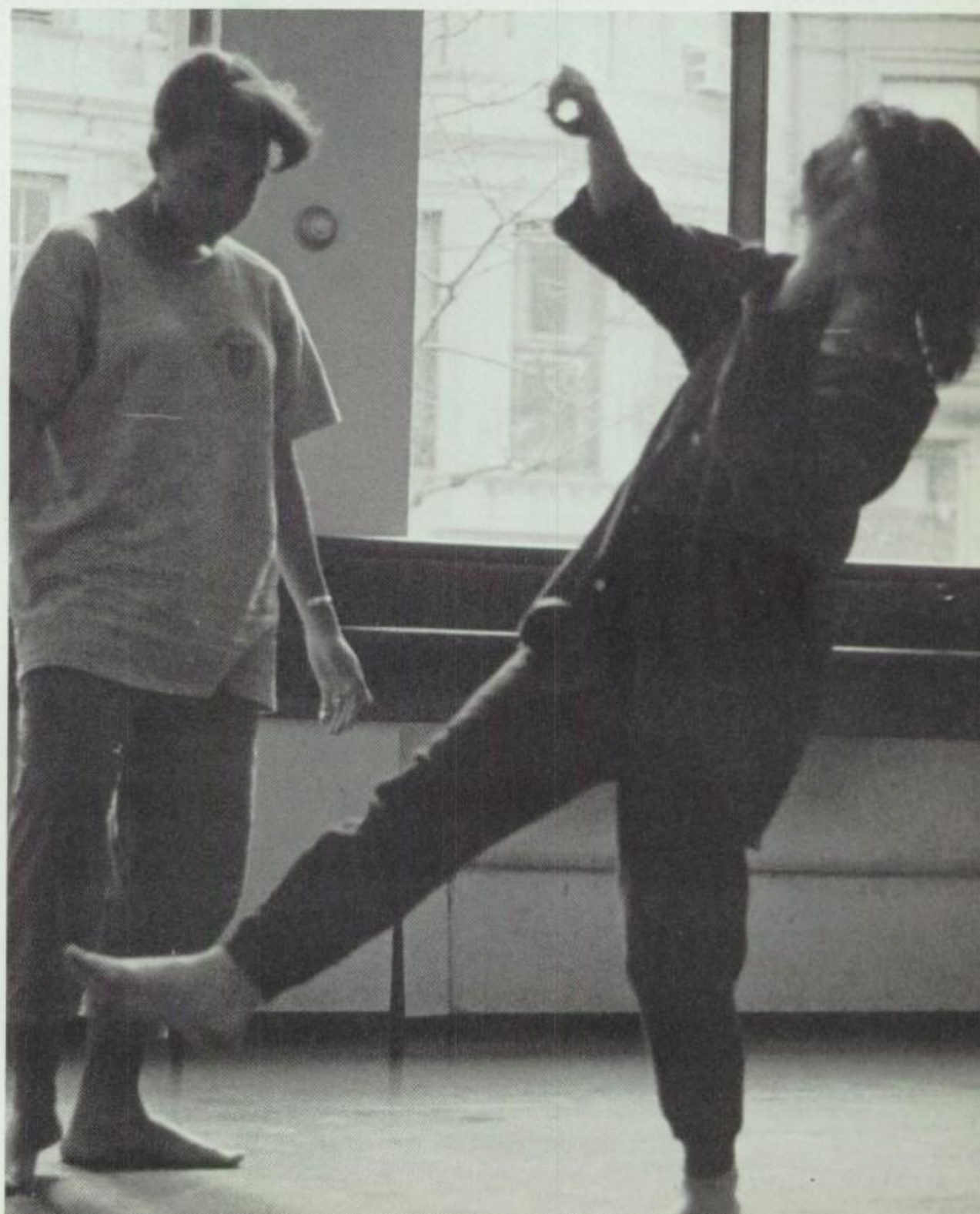
WALDEN



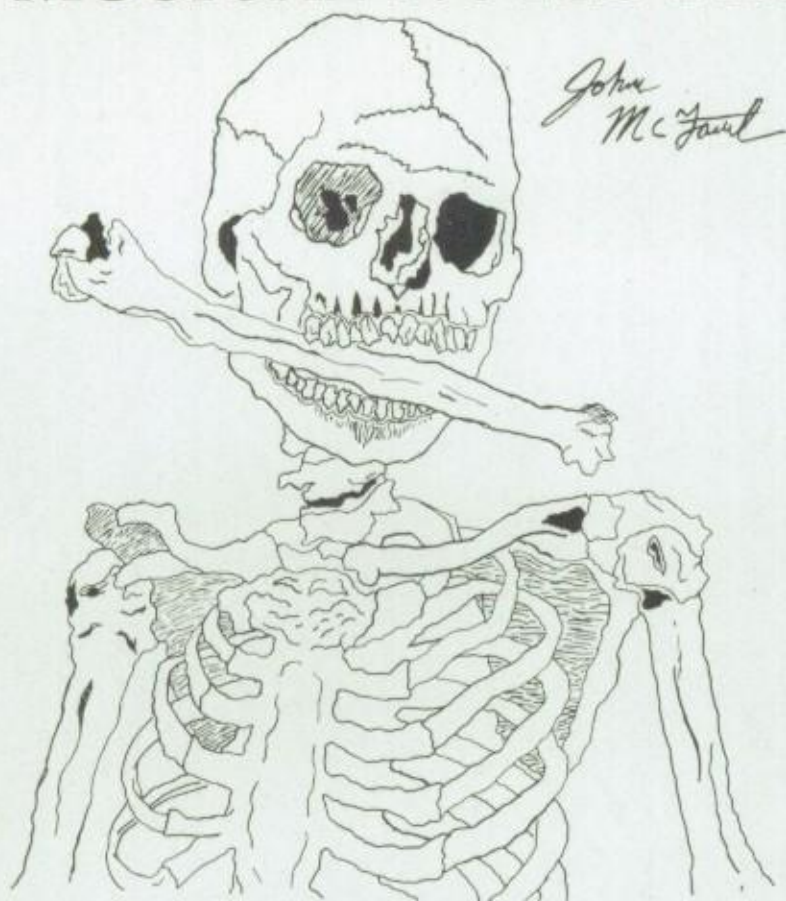


Far left: Cynthia Jones Left: Teacher Bonnie Brown Below center: Brett Astor, Cecilia Diner, Kristin Carpenter, alumna Liz Lurie Lower right: Brett kicks.

DANCES



MUSICAL NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND



"Rattling Bones," a moribund musical program with bite.

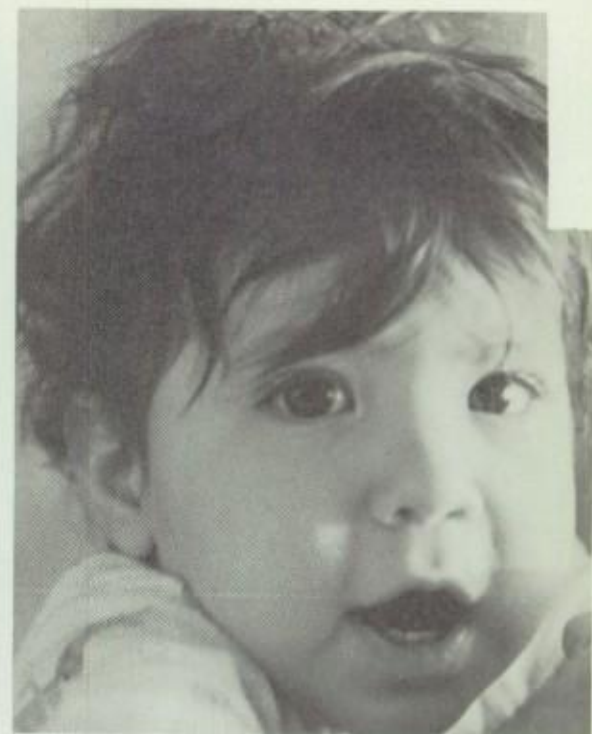


Linda Shelton, lower/middle school music teacher directs a chorale.

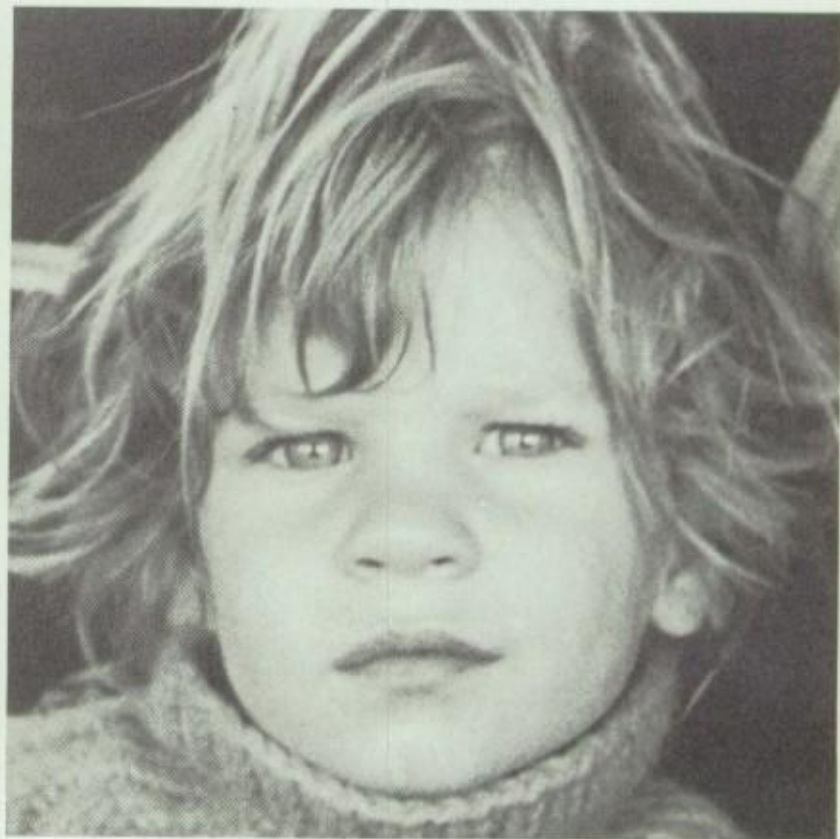


Stephen Silverman, author of the Walden anthem, "Basement Blues," lives out his inspiration in the lower depths of Walden's kitchen, just a telephone call away from the hub of power above.

BABY
FOTOS

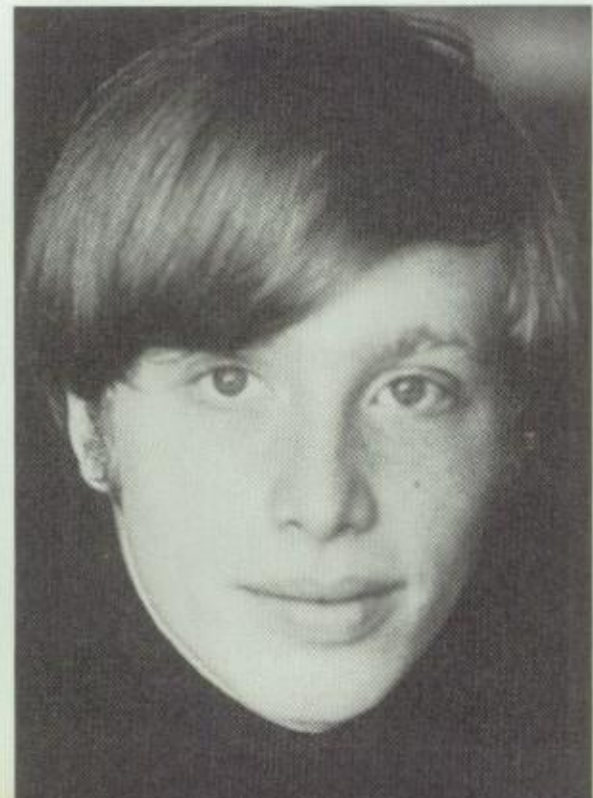
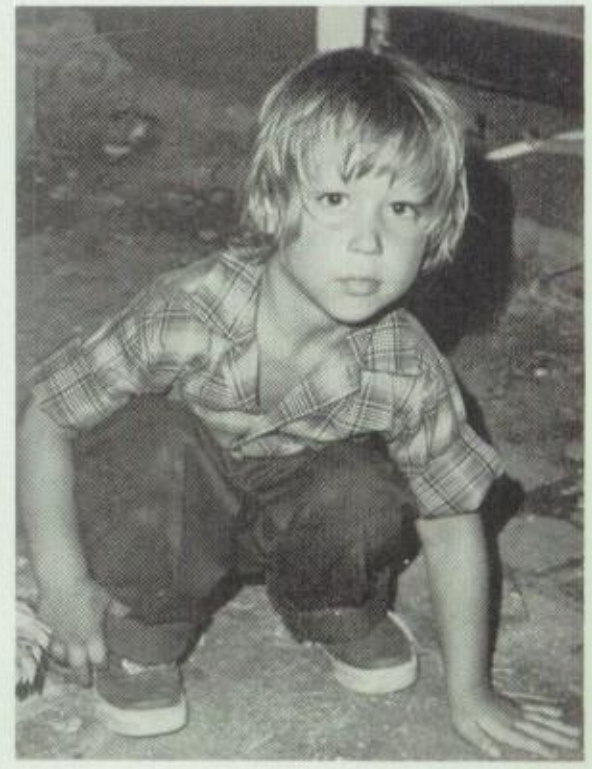
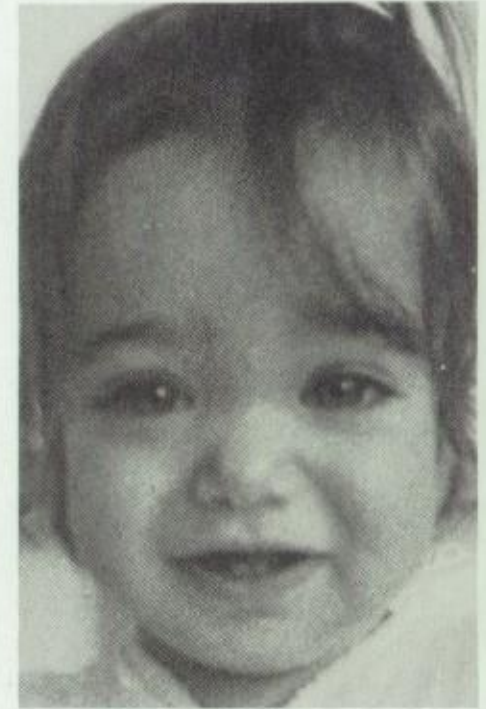


STUDENTS
FACULTY

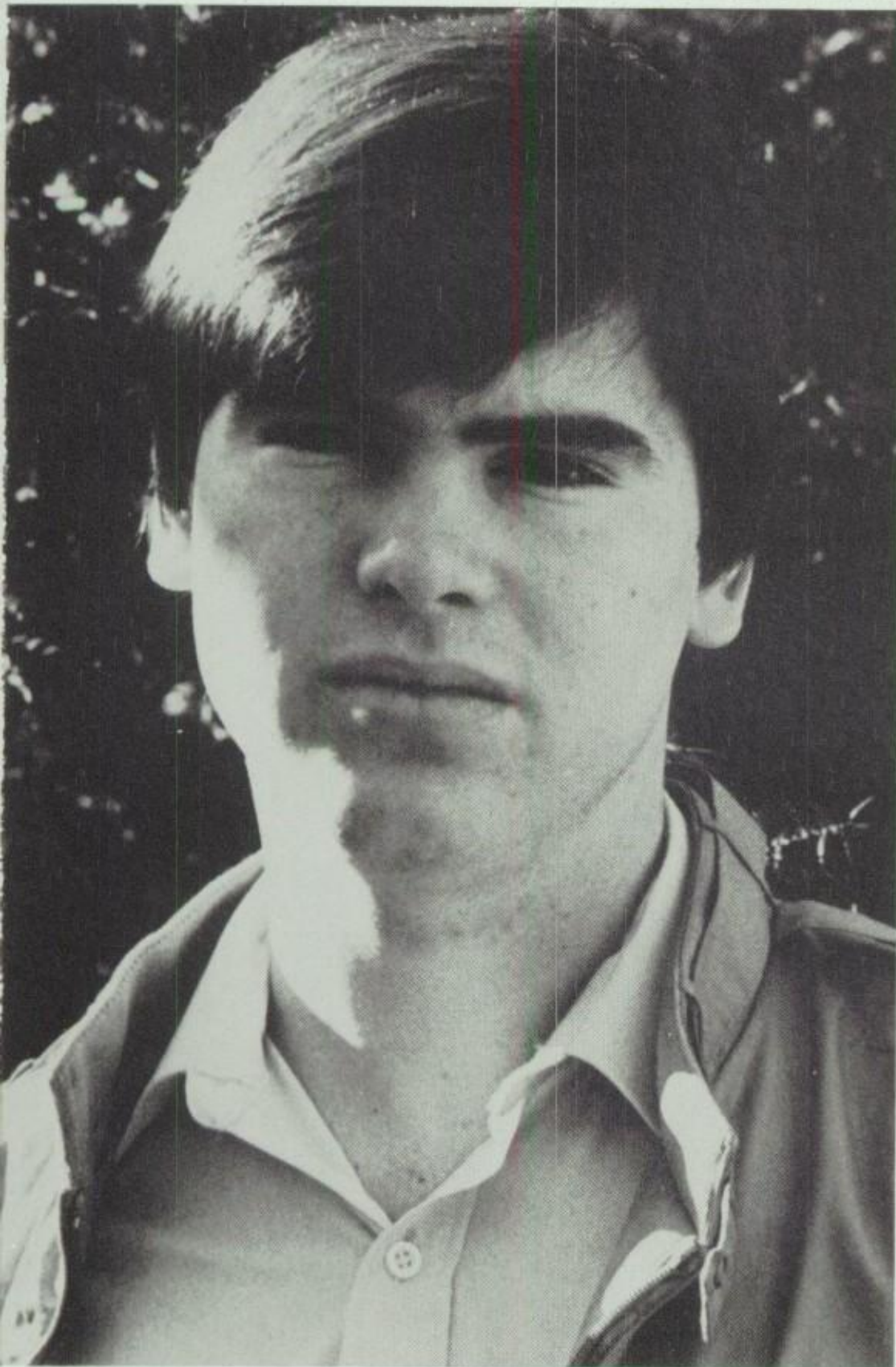
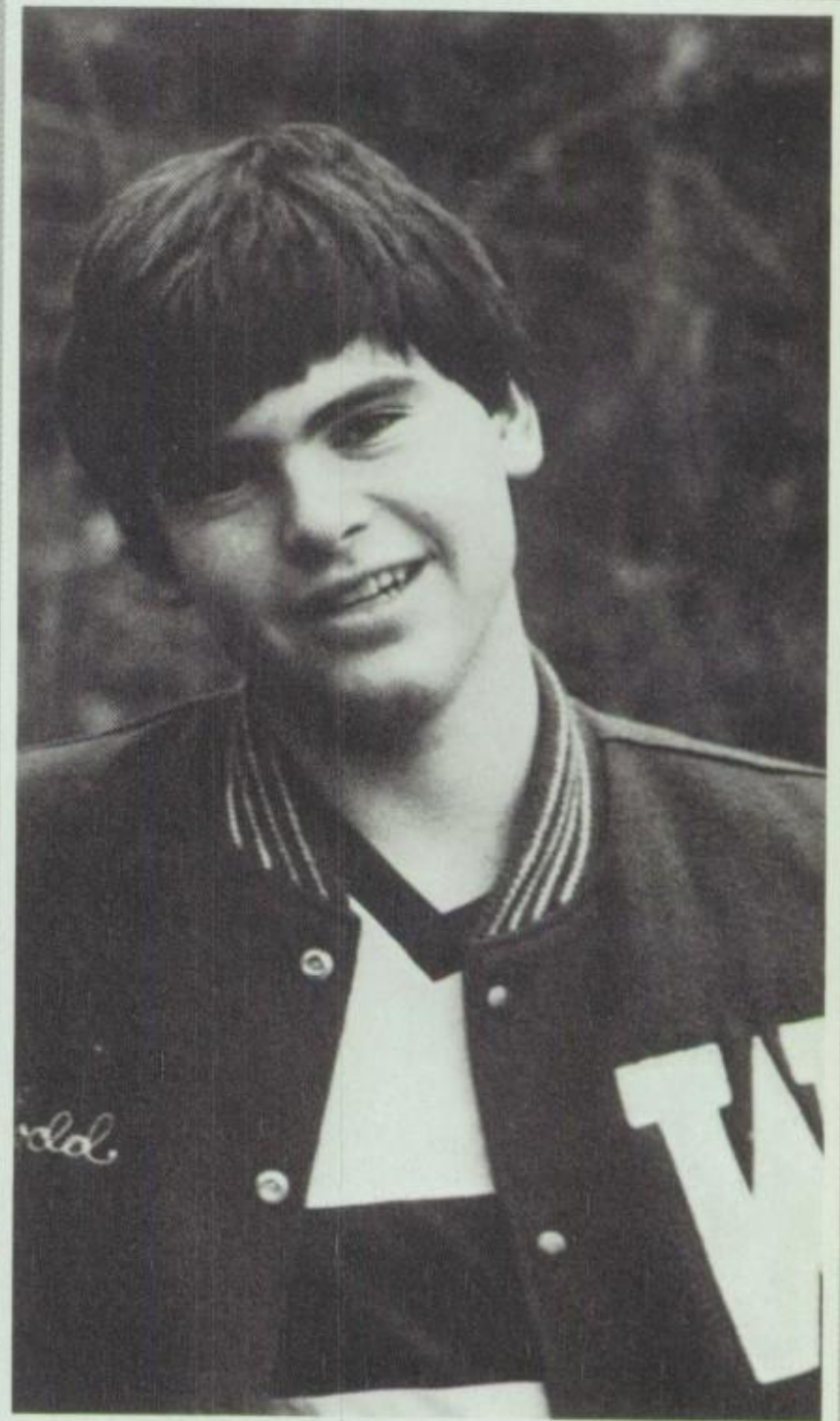
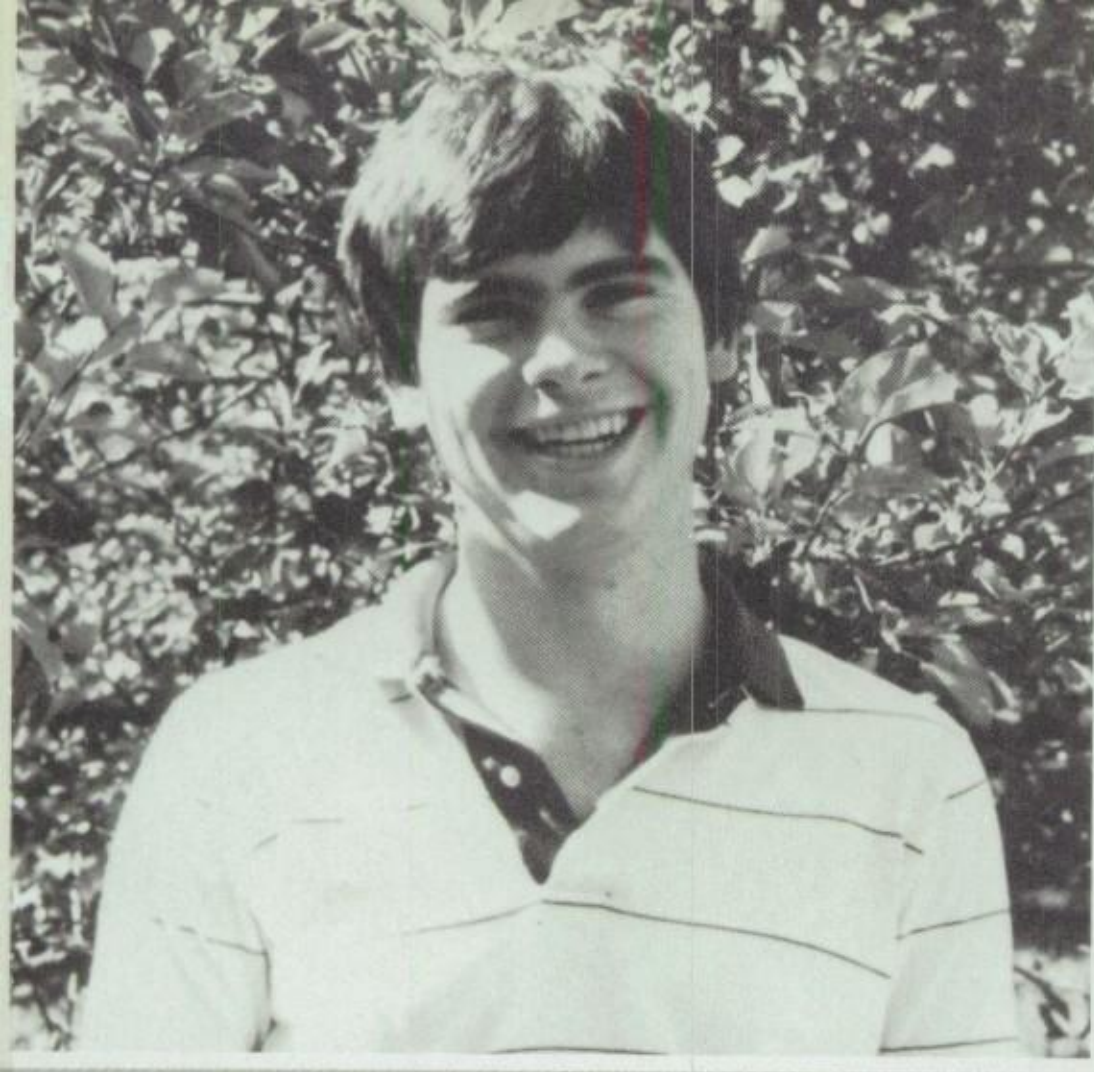








TODD BARETT ZORN



"Of a good beginning cometh a good end" HEYWOOD

"Follow your honest convictions and be strong" THACKERAY

"Hitch your wagon to a star." EMERSON

"The happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts." AURELIUS

"You must look into people as well as at them." LORD CHESTERFIELD

"The secret of success is constancy to purpose." DISRAELI

"It is far better to know things as they are than to believe them as they seem." WICKER

"The high-mind man must care more for the truth than for what people think." ARISTOTLE

"If I am not for myself, who am I? And if I am only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?" HILLEL

"To forget is to be forgotten but to remember is to be remembered." WIESEL

FITZJOHN
O'NEAL





DARRYN SINKLER

THE DUBIOUS ORIGINS OF "DARRYN SINKLER"

A twice-told tale by Darryn Sinkler, himself

You may ask me, as so many others have, how did you receive the name of "Darryn Sinkler?" Where did that name, which has confounded so many people, come from?" Well, I shall tell you, to the best of my ability:

Twenty years ago, when I was five years old and just knee high, my Mother (God bless her soul) and my Father (God bless his, too; he needs it) decided to give me a true name.

At first, they settled on many wierd and exotic names such as "Wizard Glick" or "Johnny Sleaze" They were understandably confused.

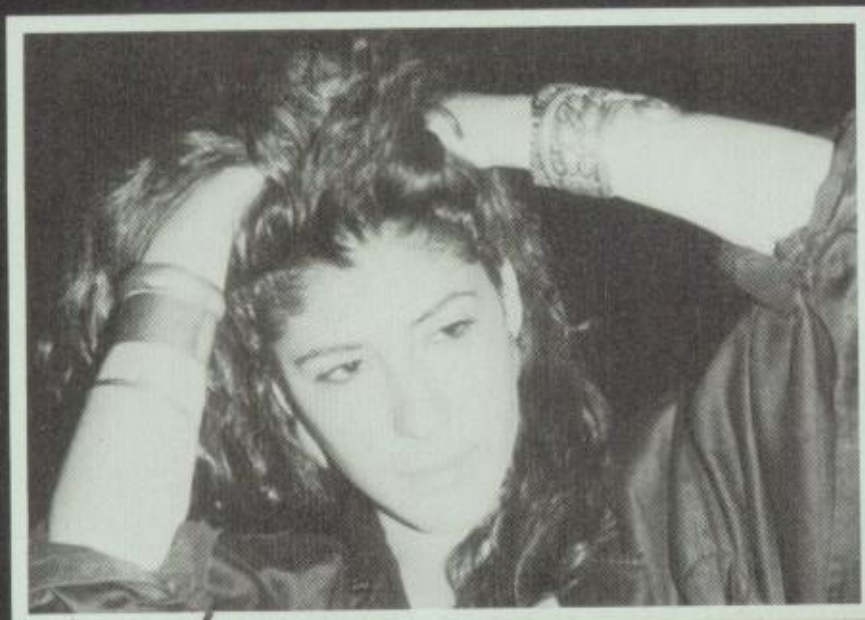
So they went to the BIG-MAN-UNDER-THE-SUN and asked him, "Hey, Mister Man, we are having trouble deciding the name of our little child. What do you suggest?" The MAN scratched his head for a thousand seconds in deep thought. Finally, he told my parents, "From now on, your son is to be called Darryn."

But my parents wanted me to have a last name. So they decided upon 'Sinkler' naming me after our pet Sink, Leroy.

So, I came to Walden, to baffle even the most profound kinds with the story of my name, that impenetrable, complex name. So the saga begins . . .



You never leave a friend. You take a part of them, leaving a part of yourself behind.
Anonymous



Free to be
You and me.
-Stephen
Lawrence
Bruce
Hart
(Well 110,
SB-BW, 1972)



This is not the end, it is not even
the beginning of the end.



If you reach for
the stars, the sun
will always shine.

-Sade



I do not try to dance better than anyone
else, I only try to dance better than myself.
-Mikhail Baryshnikov
from the *Book of Quotes*, by Carol Rowley

But it is, perhaps the end of the beginning
-Winston Churchill



K
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L
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S
T
A



It's not the years, honey, its the mileage.

-Indiana Jones

Screw 'em, they can't take a joke.

-Kalista



A cog n the capitalist wheel. Don't get cocky ... kid!

With great power comes great responsibility.

-Spiderman



SALE



It is not how many times life knocks you down, it's how many times you pick yourself back up.

-Remington Steele.

You can love me while I'm here Then you'll miss me when I'm gone.

-James Taylor

To whom much is given, much will be required.

-St. Luke



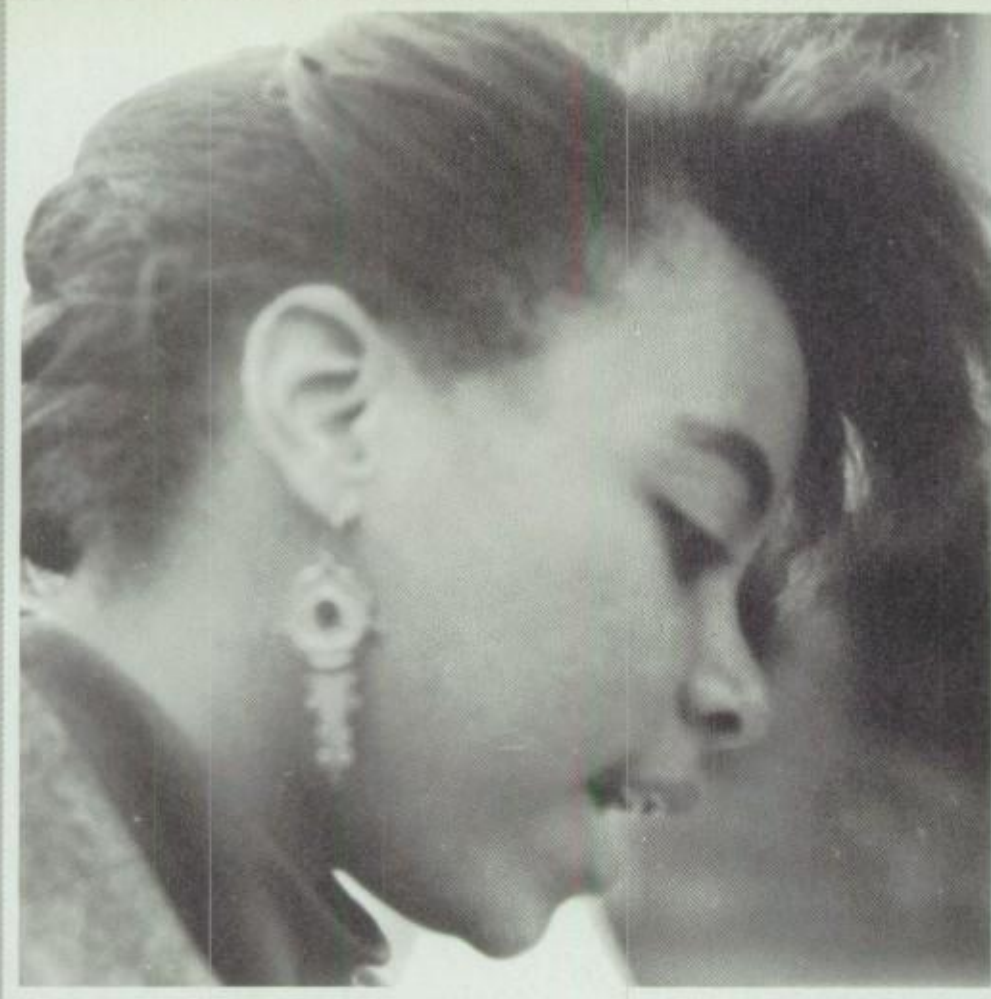


Live simply so others may simply live.
MAHATMA GANDHI



*Janya
Nicol
Rudenjak*





"Comes a time when the
Blind Man takes your hand
says, "Don't you see?
Gotta make it somehow on
the Dreams you still believe.
Don't give it up.
On an empty cup.
Only love can fill.
Only love can fill."

Grateful Dead



CYNTHIA JONES



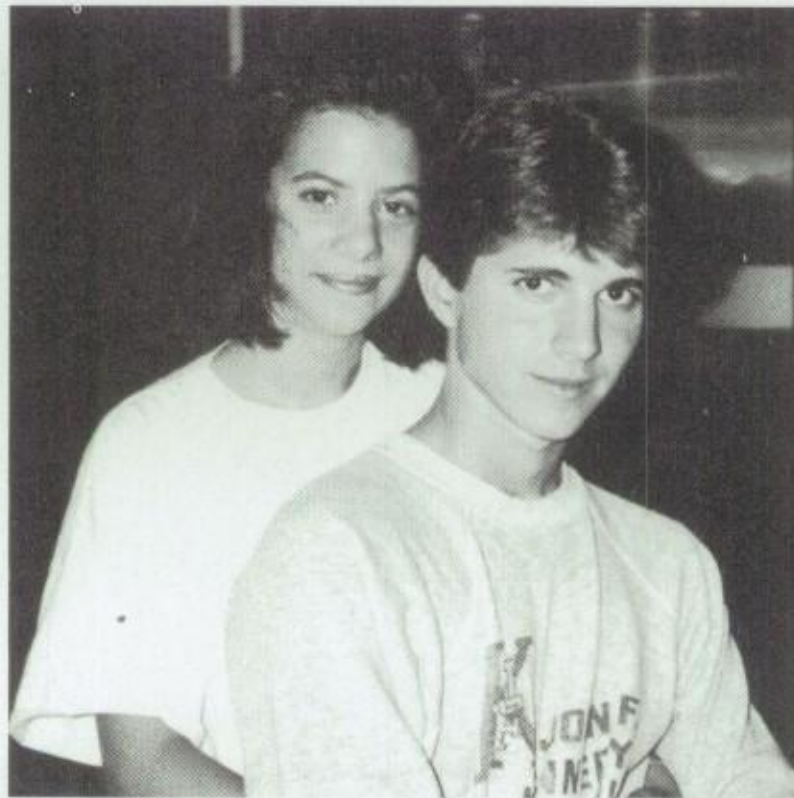
"Nothing left to do but, smile, smile, smile . . ."
Grateful Dead



JONATHAN MANITSKY



Sex without love is a meaningless experience, but as a meaningless experiences go - it's one of the best. Woody Allen, in *Love and Death*



We'll talk afterwards.
-Katrina

I try to make her realize
but she never understands
that the child in her mother's eyes
is a woman in my hands.

-Joey S.

She moved in circles and those circles
moved.

-Theodore Roethke

Social occasions are only warfare con-
cealed.

-Kahn, a character from *Startrack*



You are the fire of my lions.
-from *Lolita*, by Vladimir
Labokov



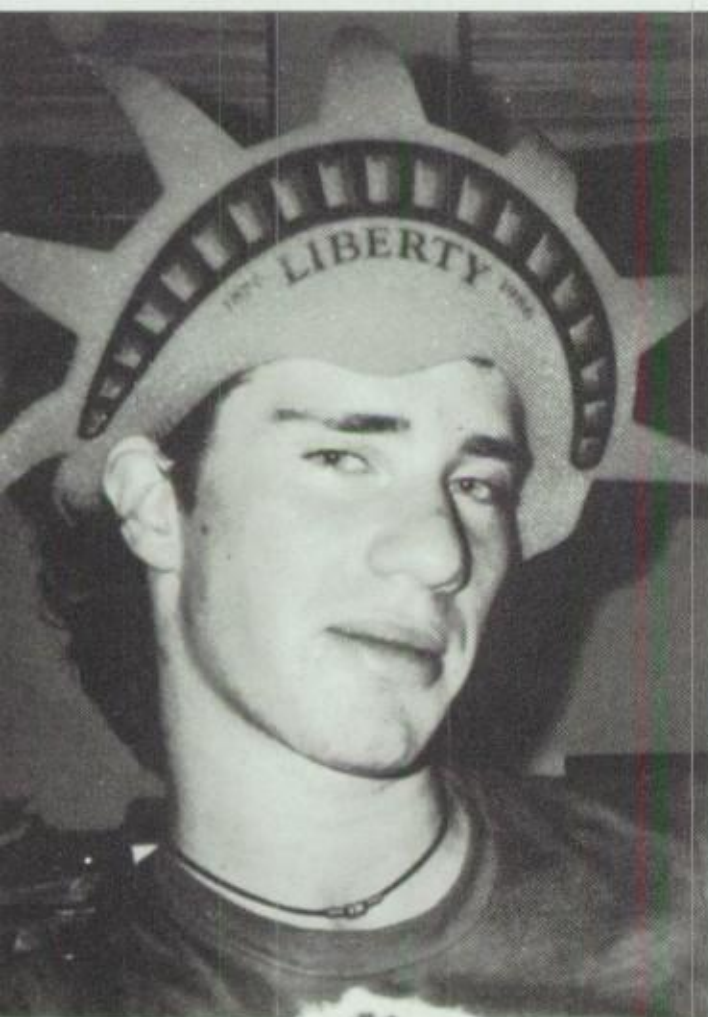
Each one of us, in his timidity, has a limit beyond which he is outraged. It is inevitable that he who by concentrated application has extended this limit for himself, should arouse the resentment of those who have accepted conventions which, since accepted by all, require no initiative application and



this resentment generally takes the form of meaningless laughter or of criticism, if not of persecution. But this apparent violation is preferable to the monstrous habits condoned by etiquette and estheticism.

-Man Ray

BILLY



I'm just average, common too,
I'm just like him, the same as you
I'm everybody's brother and son
I ain't different from anyone
It ain't no use a talking to
It's just the same as talking to you

-Bob Dylan

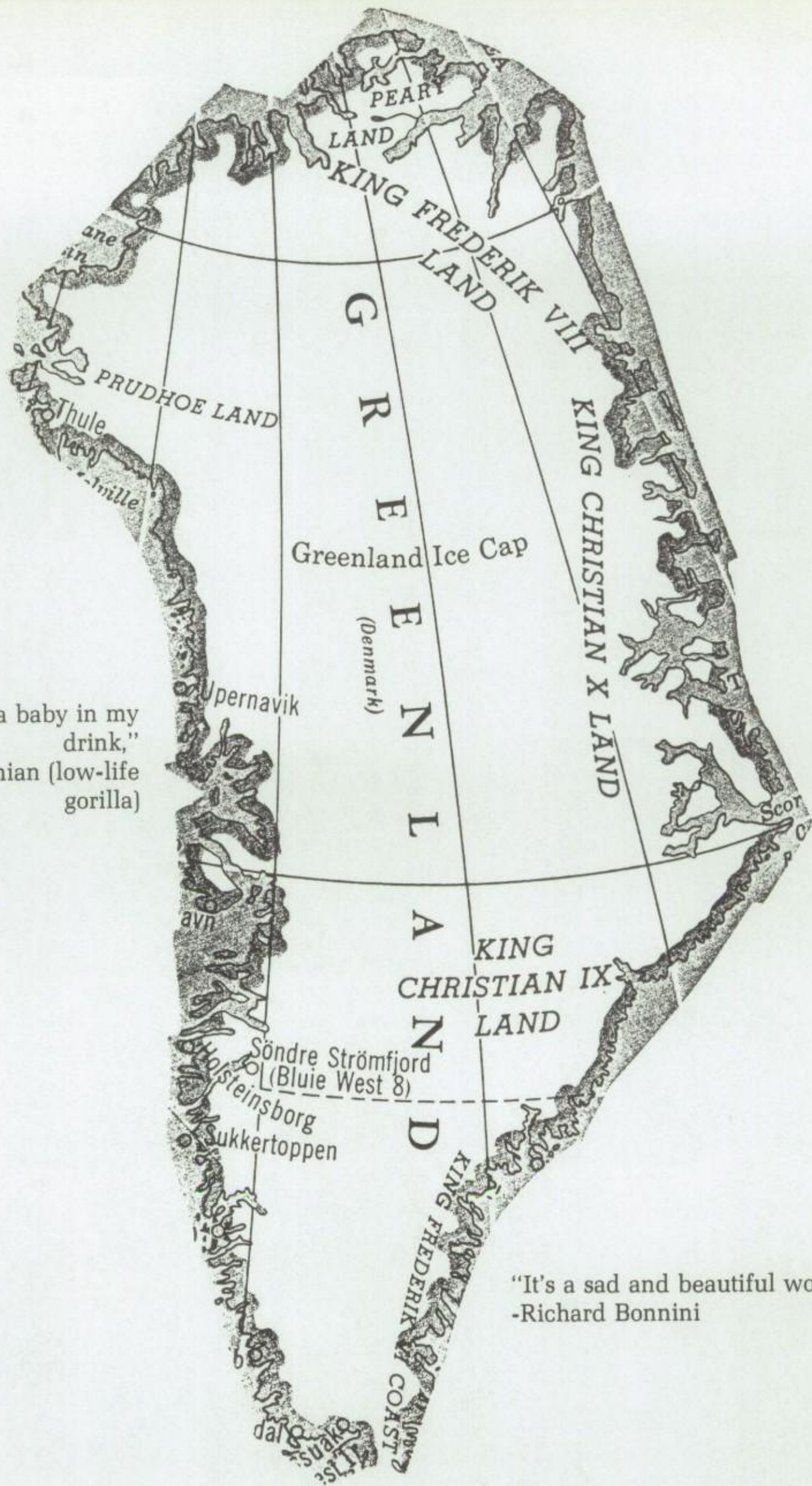
Although the masters make the roles
For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Me, to live up to.

-Bob Dylan

MILLER



"There's a baby in my
drink,"
-Warshoe, a Simian (low-life
gorilla)

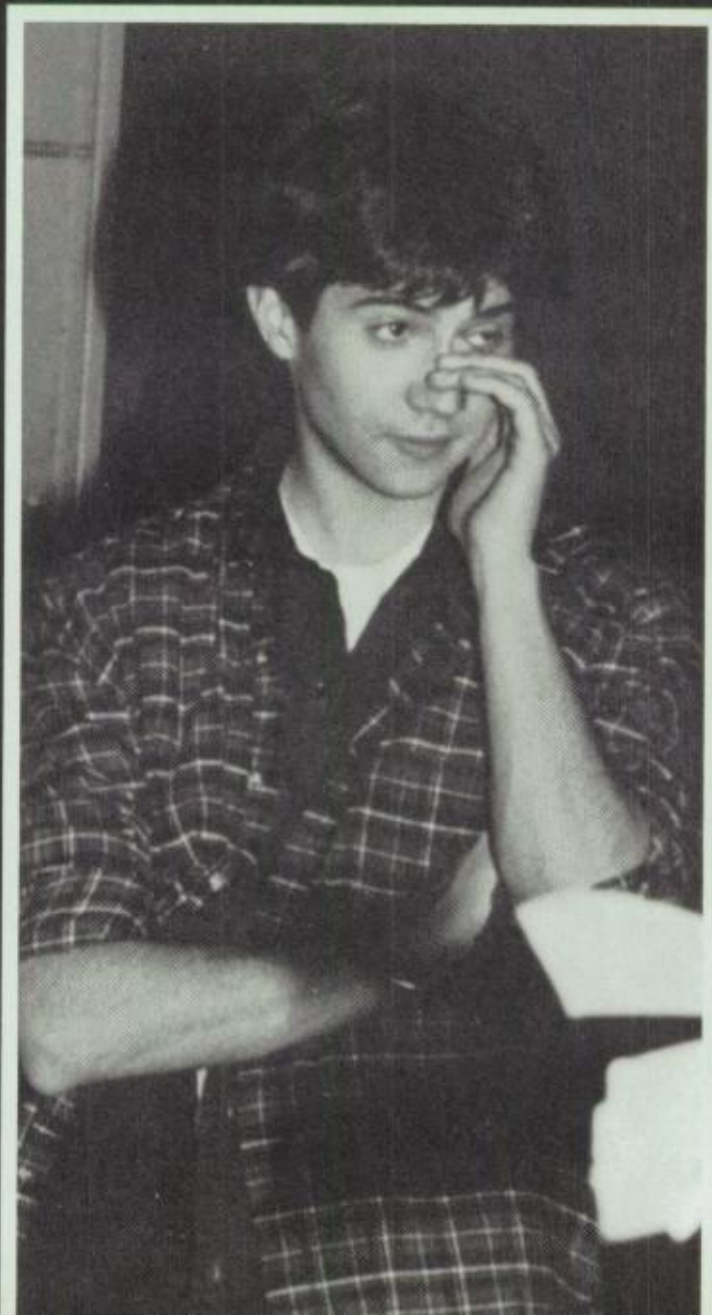
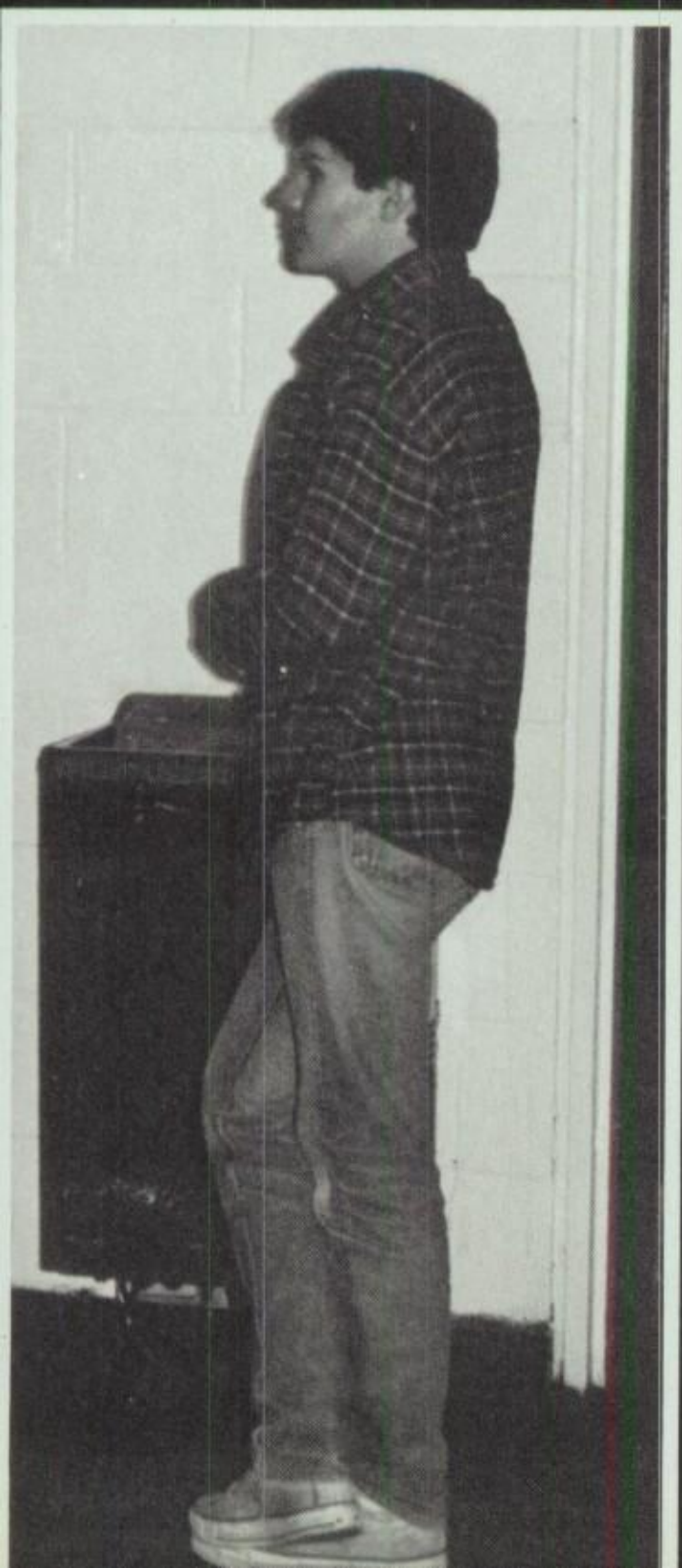


"It's a sad and beautiful world"
-Richard Bonnini

ERIK SELEKMAN



TONY LAGOURANIS





ANNA

The sky is everlasting
And the earth is very old.
Why so? Because the world
Exists, not for itself:
It can and will live on.

The wise man chooses to be last
And so becomes the first of all
Denying self, he too, is saved.
For, does he not fulfillment find
In being an unselfish man?

Lao Tzu *The Way of Life.*



ENG

To take all you want
Is never as good
As to stop when you should.
Scheme, and be sharp,
And you'll not keep it long.
One never can guard
His home when it's full
Of jade and fine gold.
Wealth, power, and pride
Bequeath their own doom.
When fame and success
Come to you, then retire.
This is the ordained way.

-Lao Tzu, *The Way of Life*





JOHN CHIANG KEH

"Blind faith in your leaders or anything else, will get you killed."

-Bruce Springsteen, as quoted from a record made of his East Rutherford, 1984 concert.

"Ask for not at once no government, but at once a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it."

Henry David Thoreau, *Civil Disobedience*.

"Conscience is to sacrifice oneself for those who are exploited."

-Manlio Argueta, from *One Day of Life*.



"Your opinions are only as good as what you're doing about them."
- J.C. Keh

"Well, the rifleman stuck, the sick and the lame, preacherman seeks the same, who gets there first is uncertain. Matchsticks and water canons, tear gas, padlocks Molotov cocktails, and rocks, behind every curtain. False hearted judges, dying in the webs that they spin. Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin 'in."

-Bob Dylan

"Responsibility breeds self discipline." - J.C. Keh

"I have reserved, finally a special fate-requiring plumbing, for letters' asserting that I am a dupe of the communists, the liberals, the demoncrats, the Eastern Establishment, the radicals or the secular humanists, The fact is, folks, these columns are my own fault."

-Tom Wicker, *N.Y. Times* (August, 1986).

"Constant toil is the essence of art, as it is of life itself."

-Honoré de Balzac



All
your better
seeds shall be
in water writ!
-Beaumont &
Fletcher

JAN
COREY

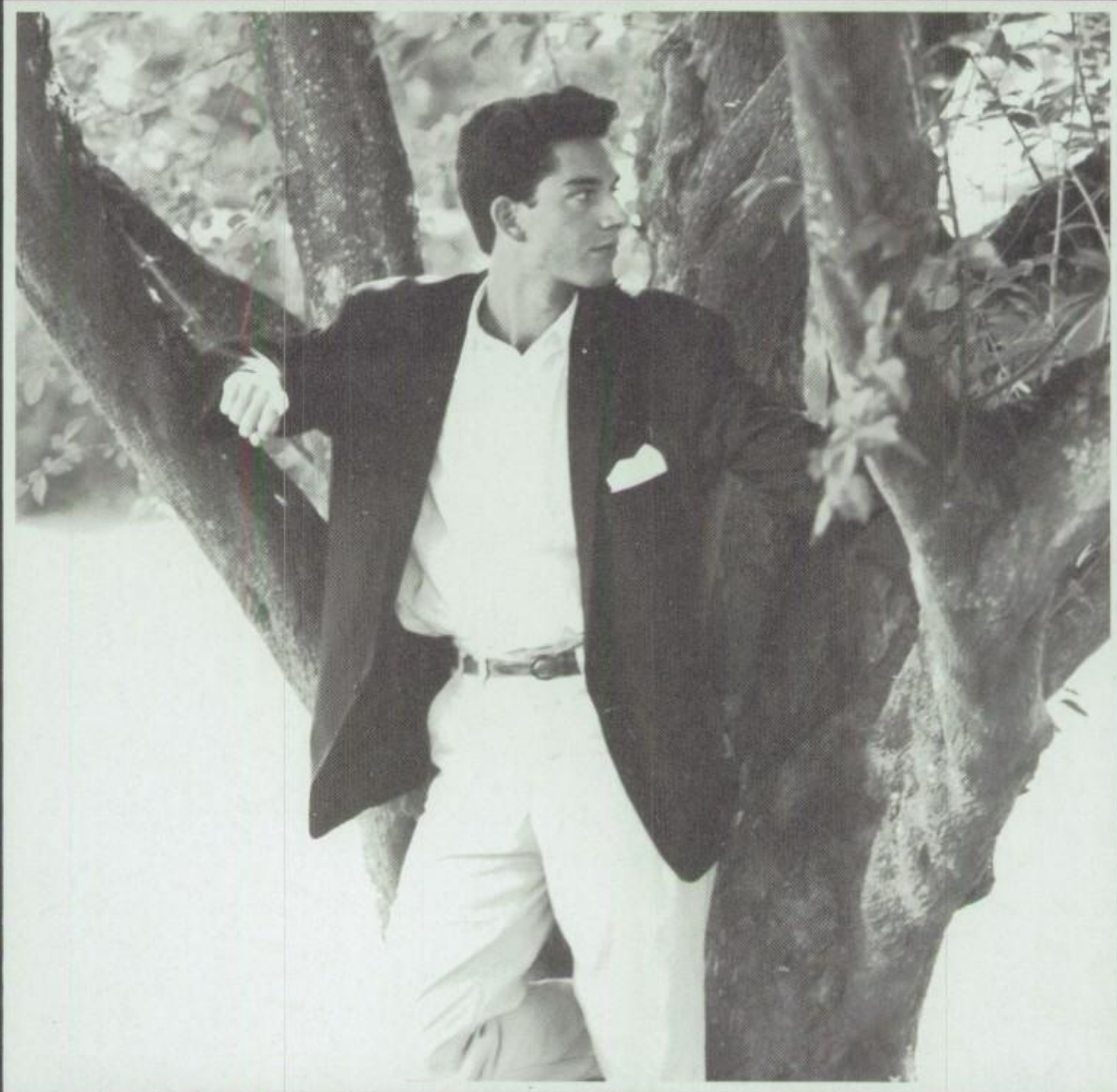
Thirty
Spokes are made one
by holes in a hub
By vacancies joining them
for a wheel's use;
The use of clay in moulding pitchers
comes from the hollow of its absence;
Doors, windows, in a house
are used for their emptiness
Thus we are helped by what is not,
To use what is.

-Lao Tzu-

All I
Have is my love of love,
and love
is not
loving. -David
Bowie

Where would be
the chariot?
Who would prefer
the jingle of
jade pendants if
he once has heard
stone growing
in a cliff!
-Lao Tzu-

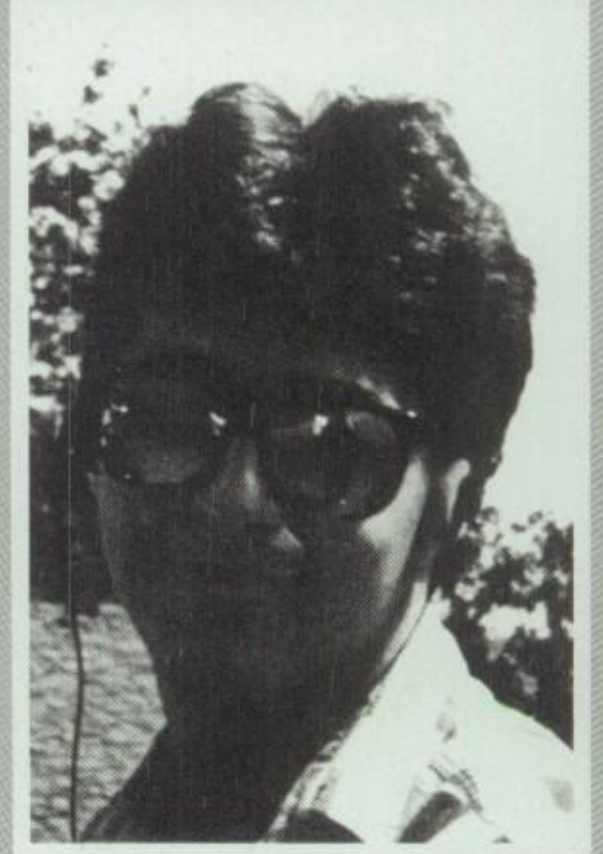
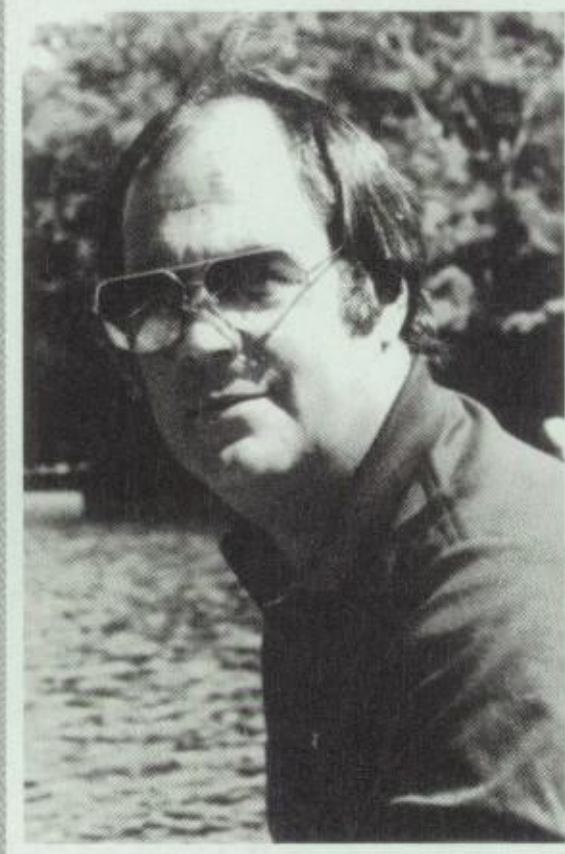




David Netto

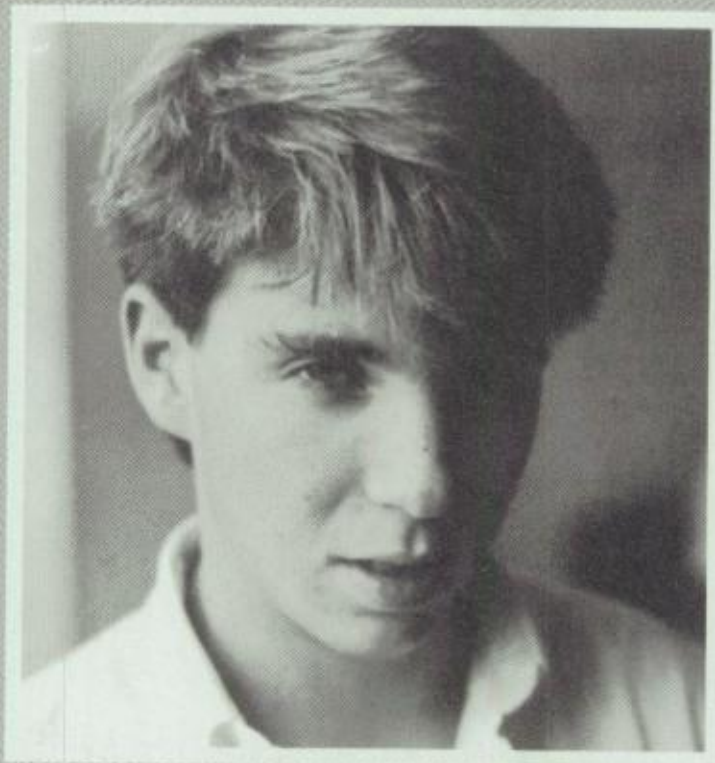
“Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the Doctor advised to go and see Harlequin.”

-William Makepeace Thackeray



MICHAEL BAUMWOLL





Josh Grossman



JASON KEIDEL





*"When I was a child, I spoke as a child,
I understood as a child, I thought as a child,
but when I became a man
I put away childish things."*

*-Martin Luther King Jr.
as quoted by Coretta Scott King in
My Life With Martin Luther King*



*"A feeling of self worth will caress u
The size of the whole wide world will decrease
The love of God's creation will undress u
And time spent alone my friend will cease."*

*-Prince and The Revolution
from The Ladder - LP*

"Around the World in a Day"

Kimberly Janet Mitchell



"I get by with a little help from my friends"

-The Beatles

"The greatest of all virtues is love"

-Marth Luther King, Jr.



*"It's not the fall that kills you
It's the sudden stop"*

-from the movie

"Down by Law"

of Jim Jarmush & John Lurie



*"You might as well like yourself
just think about all the time you
have to spend with you and if
you don't like yourself how do
you expect others to."*

*- Jerry Lewis in the film,
Nutty Professor.*

"You bring me joy"

- Anita Baker

TONYA MARIE WRIGHT

When I was a child.
I caught a fleeting glimpse
Out of the corner of my eye
I turned to look but it was gone,
I cannot put my finger on it now
The child has grown
The dream has gone.
"Comfortably Numb," from the al-
bum, *The Wall*, by Pink Floyd.

All the people gathered
for life's serious burden.
We are young, despite the years;
We are concerned
We are hope, despite the time.
"These Days" from the album
Life's Rich Pageant, by R.E.M.

You consider yourself odd at times,
You accuse yourself of taking a
road different
from most people. You have to un-
learn that. Gaze
into the fire, into the clouds and as
soon as the inner
voices begin to speak, surrender to
them, don't ask first
whether it's permitted or would
please your teachers or father or
some God. You will ruin yourself
if you do that. That way you will
become earthbound, a vegetable.
-excerpt from *Demian* by
Herman Hesse





I enjoy certain things,
no one else has to enjoy them;
and I see certain things in a
certain way, but no one else has
to see those things the same way
And then again, no one has
the right to tell me it's immoral
or selfish or wrong to do what
I do.

MANDY LEE

I do my thing, and you do your thing.
I am not in this world to live
up to your expectations.
And you are not in this world
to live up to mine.
You are you, and I am I,
And if by chance, we find each
other it's beautiful.
If not, it can't be helped.

-Frederick Perls, from a
Gestalt Prayer.



WEINER





The inimitable and
incomparable quotations of

SAMUEL PLOTZ PIERCE

E=MC2

-Einstein

How about a game of gin, dad?

-Me

If you love something set them free,
If it comes back it's yours,
If it doesn't, it never was.

-Anonymous

Yea, I guess I'd like to manage again.

-Billy Martin

Eadah?

What Rhramoose?

The Yankees will always be
number 1 in everybody's heart.

-The people's poet

Neal, I hate you.

-Rik

Hey, What do you think
the teacher is going to look
like this year?

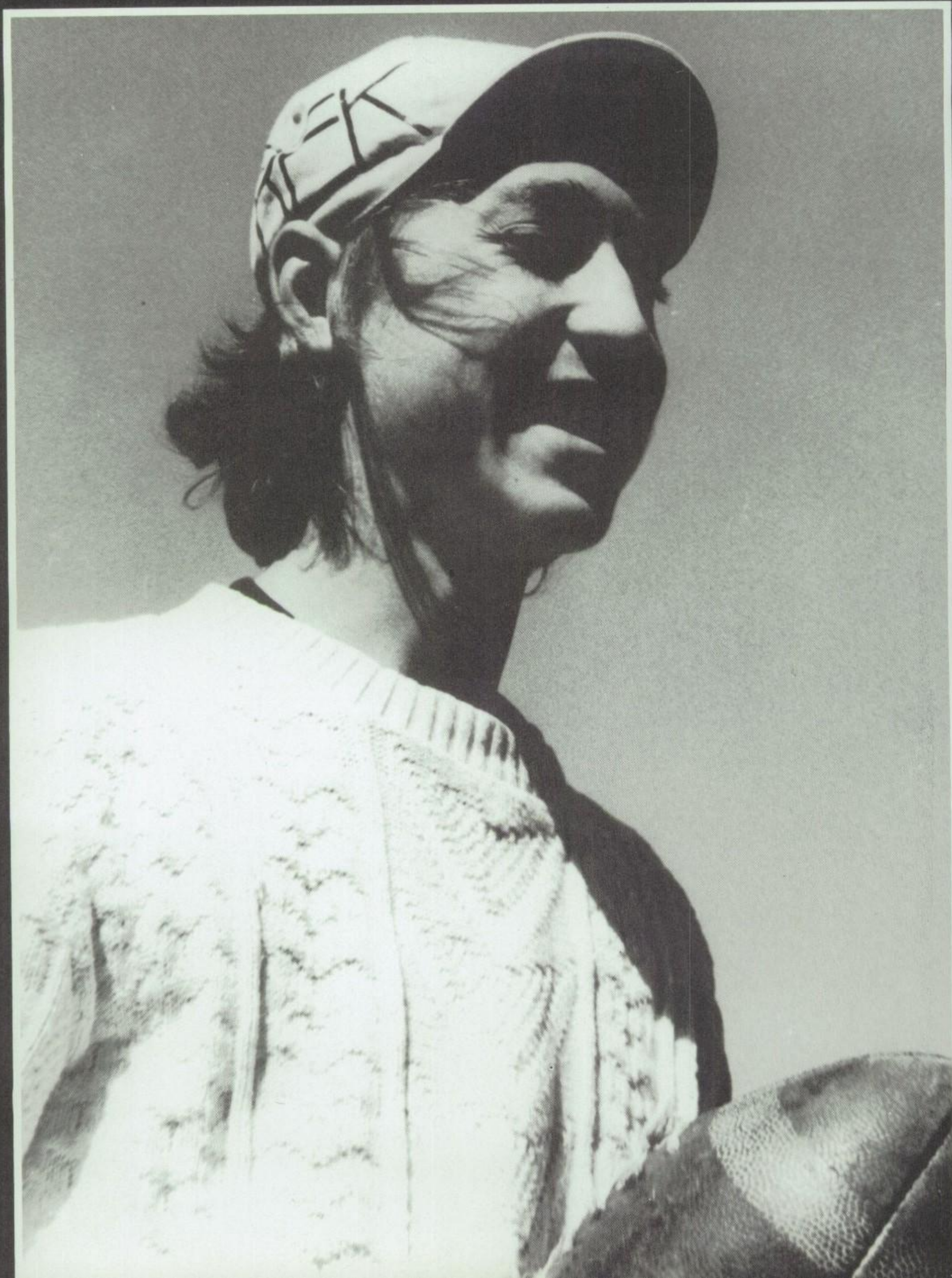
-Van Halen

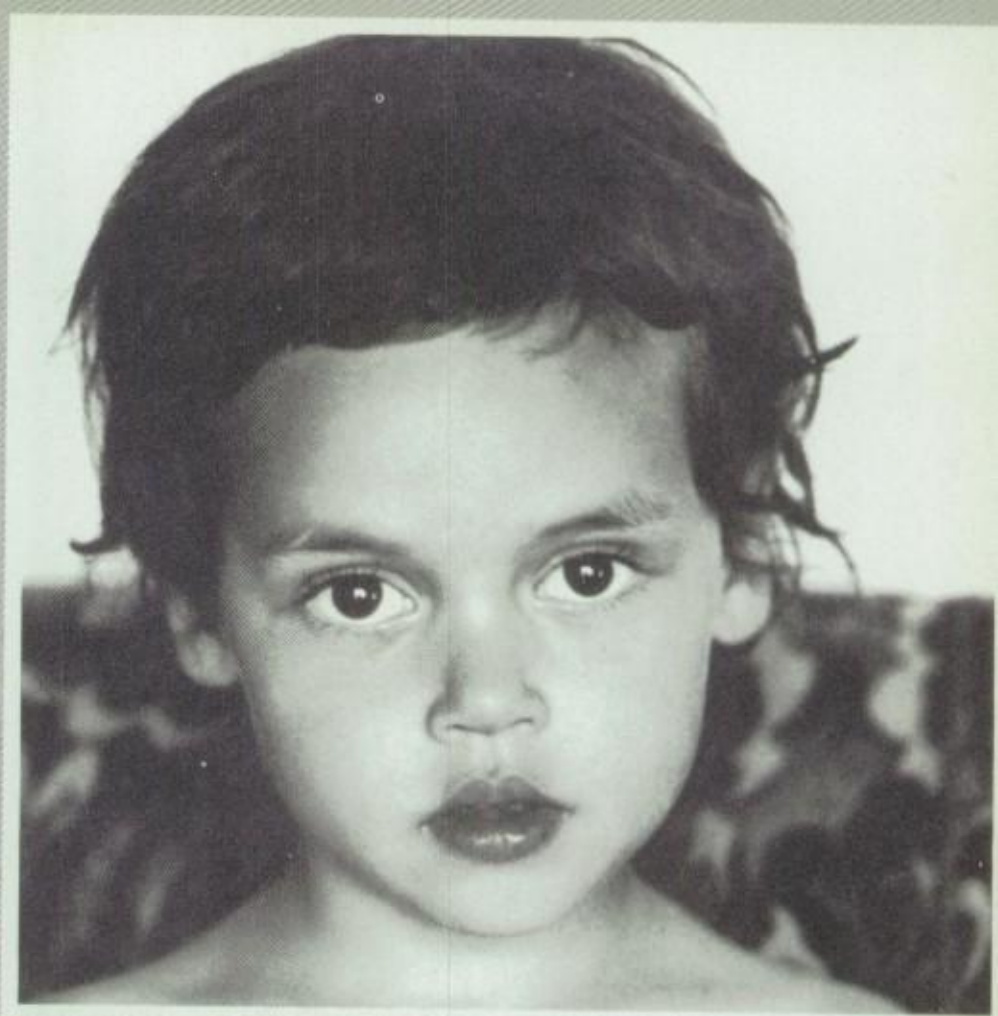


NICHOLAS MIRSKY

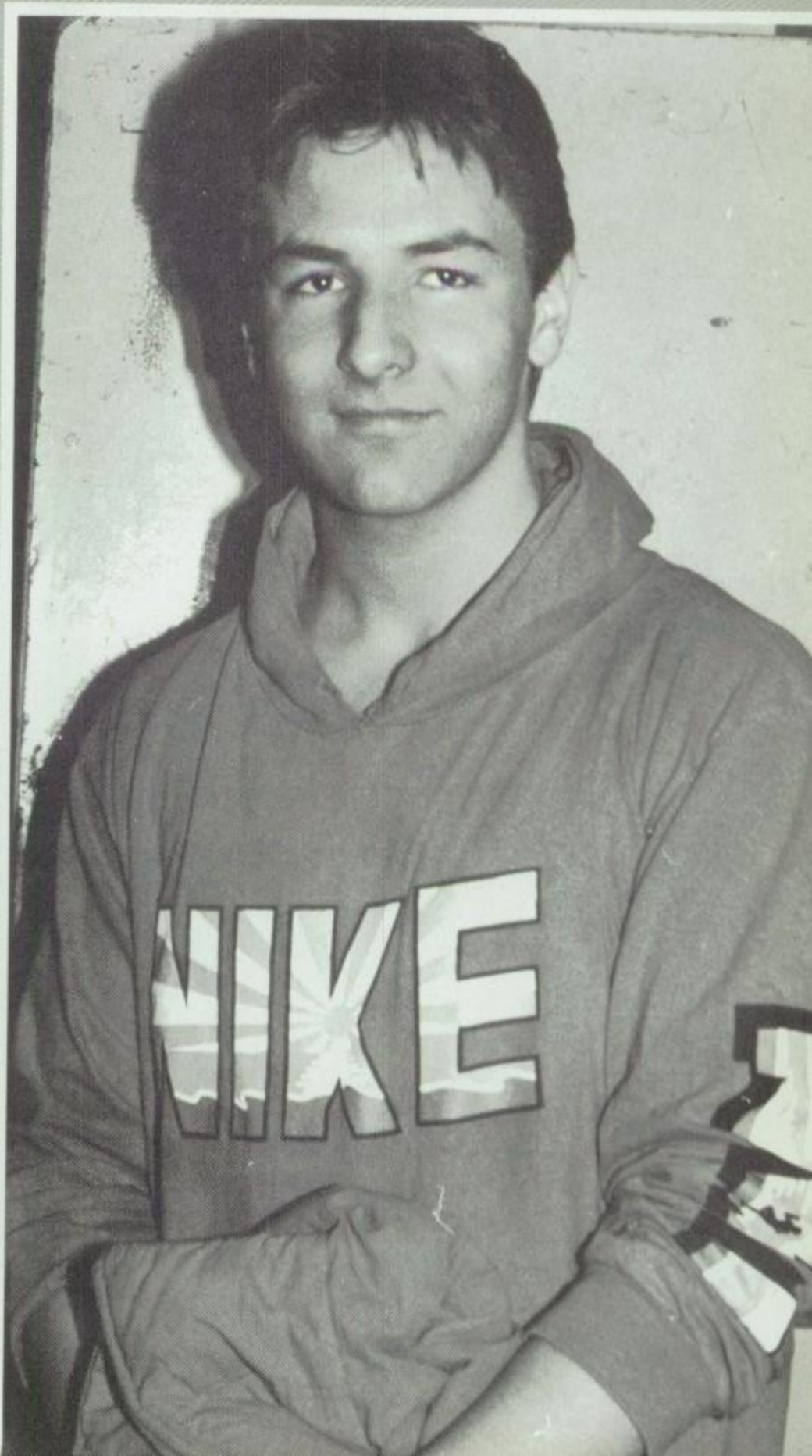


MICHAEL RIEGELMAN





*Philip
Behrens*





What if our trips were reality, and Life was just a trip? Wow!

-Keely Kolmes

I can't sleep at nite
But it's just the same
I never weep at nite
I call your name
-Beatles

These songs of freedom are all I've ever had.
-Redemption Songs by Bob Marley

The harder they come, the harder they fall, one and all.
-Jimi Cliff

quarters at Nays With the MOO MOO gods. No rim on chance
this isn't amateur nite. And the MOO MOO gods: Nay,
Chrissy - B, Haas, Judd, Pharaoh, and Steven.

Toof it!
I had so much fun this year that I think that next year I
want to go to high school.



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H O L L Y



B A C C O N

"There is only one
success - to be able
to spend your life
in your own way."
-Christopher Morley



"Life is like arithmetic ...
You add happiness,
Subtract fears,
Divide love,
and multiply friends."
-Anonymous



Faculty member Sue Sortino; consultant Ann Lenox

In the 1986 school year, administrators, board members, coordinators, and selected teachers came together as a committee to "brain-storm" ideas on the future of the school. This study will "carry" forward Walden through the next decade.

This Long-Range Planning Committee is advised by consultant, Ann Lenox, who directs an agency in Pennsylvania which specializes in helping schools to develop and strengthen areas of curriculum, finances, faculty, and administration.

A report was submitted by the Committee at the end of February to the Board of Trustees after months of meetings held in the strictest confidence. At the time, no information was divulged. What the Board finally ratified from this report will be implemented as policy.

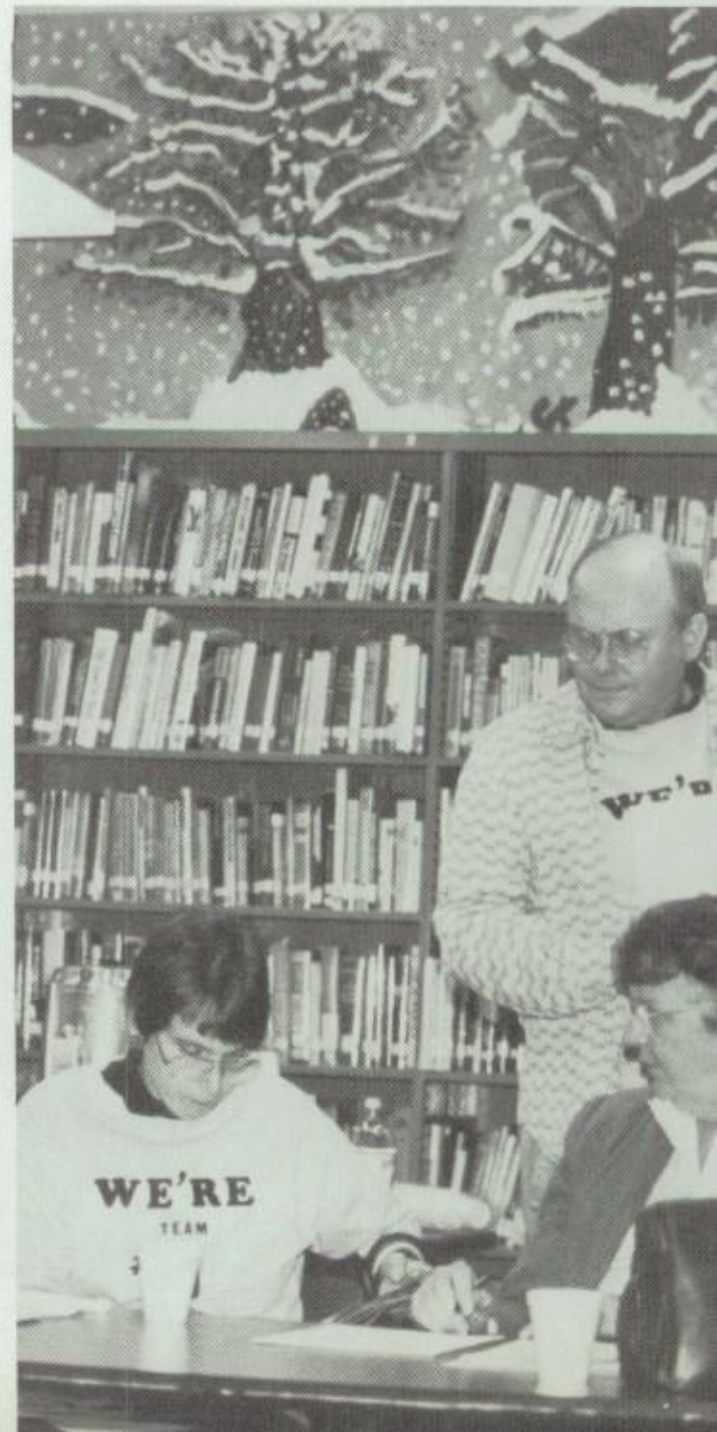
- Todd Zorn

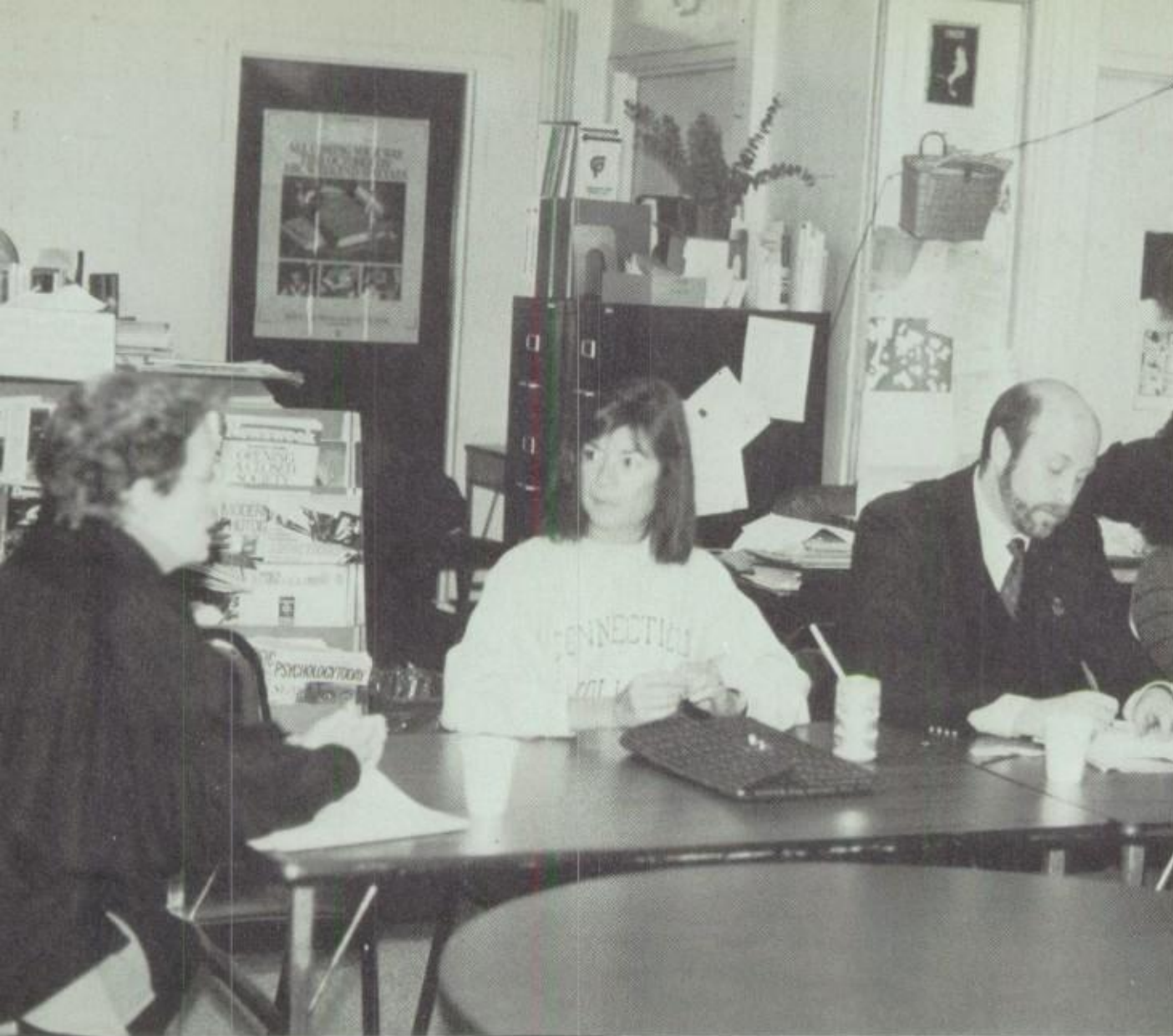
Library, Food for Thought: Jonnet Abeles, Yael Septee (partially hidden), and Kay Joseph attack a big cheese.



HOW TO KEEP THE POT BOILING

Douglas Wyles seeks an answer.





Helen Jacobs, Carolyn Geller, Bruce Caro

LONG-RANGE PLANNING COMMITTEE



WALDEN

To have a place to call
your own. To see and to
touch a nature that's
a part of life.
In search of the answers
to questions unknown.
To be a part of the
movement and part of the
growing,
Part of the beginning to
understand. A place where
we learn to be brothers
and sisters.
We live here in peace.
Here, we to your spirit
To be ever Happy
You light up the darkness
and show us the way.
For, although we are
strangers,
We all live together,
We live here in peace.

- Nicholas Leichter
9th grade

Meditations of a Wednesday night.





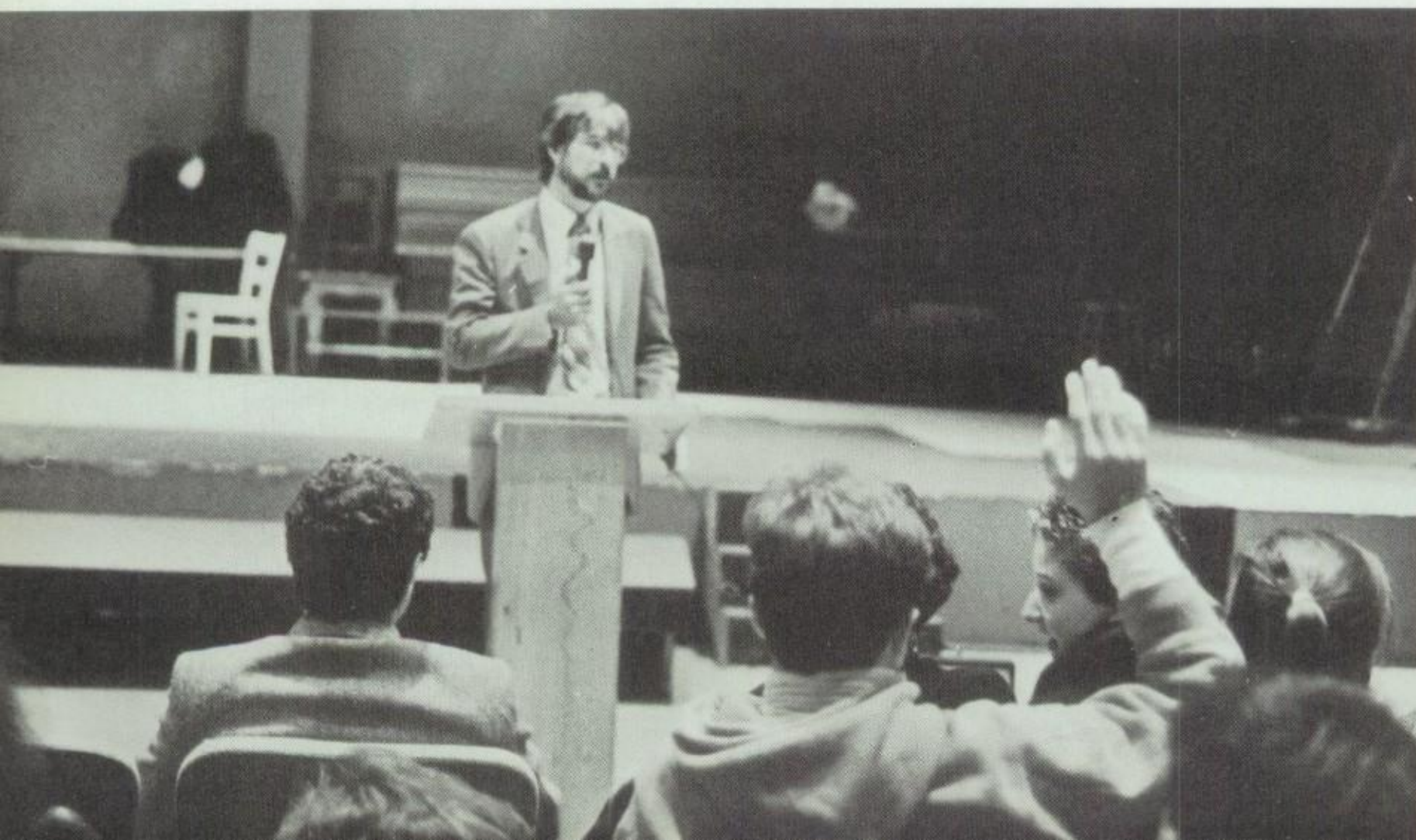
THANKSGIVING: Children collect food for the hungry and homeless. ASSEMBLIES

High school assembly programs are organized by students, teachers, and our coordinator, and in concert at times with the Director. Assemblies are on Friday, during homeroom; they may be extended to the following Tuesday. Some assemblies fill the school day. Particularly if it is a forum for the debate of ideas and issues, affecting not just the Walden community, but the world at large.

The assembly, "How can we change Walden?" was longly prepared by the students in the "Born in the U.S.A." class, a social studies course. In the first semester, one of the class topics was, "Education in America," wherein Walden's pedagogy was assayed. (Photos of this assembly appear on pp. 2 and 3.) Discussion changed school governance procedures and produced positive and effective results.

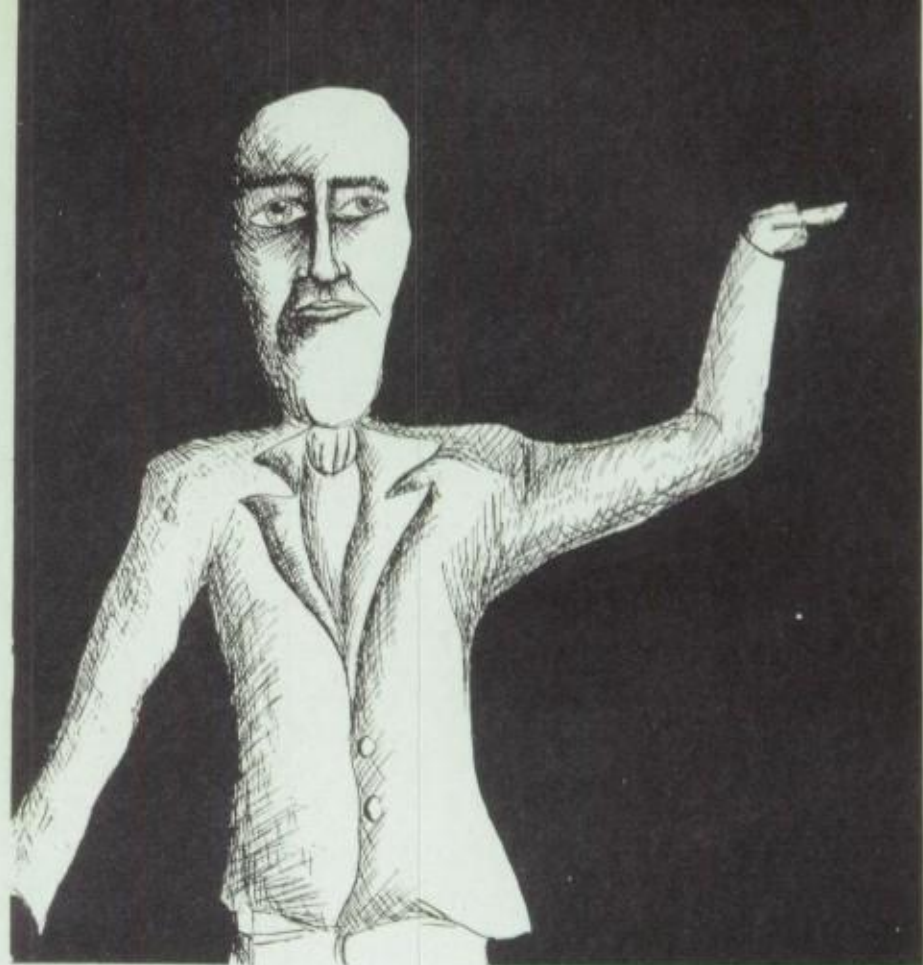
- Todd Zorn

Mr. Duke Kent-Brown (below and right) from the South African consulate.





bove: Middle School/Lower School Thanksgiving program.
elow right: Akbar Ali and his violin.



Drawing by Simon Levenson, "The Speaker."





PARENTS ASSOCIATION

Active members of the Association are generally parent volunteers whose children are enrolled in the lower and middle schools. The parents of high school students are less active, except for those on the Board of Trustees. Years ago, however, high school parents organized fund raising activities such as dinners, theater and concert parties, a crafts and dry-goods sale, grandparents day, the annual auction, and a culinary arts festival. Parents worked with teachers and students in the printing of pennants, posters, T-shirts, and art prints.

Today the P.A. organizes visitors' day, rummage sales, book sales, an annual auction, a new parents' night, introduces parents of prospective students to the school, and offers the mid-winter and end of school lunch to the faculty and staff. More recently the P.A. set up a mini-grant program (which differs from the high school mini-grant fund).

The P.A., as of now, functions with a few active mothers; no male parent seems to be involved (or at least very few). That's not quite Walden, alas, as the success of the school is also one of parent involvement.

Todd Zorn







Four saints in three acts: Kalista, Kim, Cynthia, Michelle



Kalista is well, thank you.

Gerald Laurino, member of the student council, represents the 10th grade.



Class trip: Dawn Reyes, Lajuana Davis/Jason grooms himself.





"Laurie at the Window," by Billy Miller, 12th grade

WALDEN PHOTOGRAPHS

Richard Beenen, the man who came East, is no laid back Californian. Upon assuming the post of photography teacher he introduced a no-nonsense approach to photography instruction. He insisted on adhering to values and norms. Richard required that students learn the parts of the camera and their nomenclature. He insisted upon the use of technical and mechanical knowledge so that the camera became a professional tool of work rather than a fun toy. He cleaned up the photography laboratory and dark room, having first replastered and repainted them (with little cooperation from students). Richard's approach to teaching is methodical, demanding and engrossing. If Walden is to change, and to succeed, we need in the high school, programs such as Richard Beenen's well organized and professional style to assist students become more responsible to themselves and their studies.

- Todd Zorn

Lisa DeRuiter

Photos by Todd Zorn





SUMMERTREE: Ted Mavity, Natasha Page - Levin, Doug Reina, and Tony Lagouranis

THE JOYS OF WALDEN THEATER, DANCE, ART LITERATURE = FRIENDS

"Carla Tomasova" takes a grand jêté á bras ouverts.

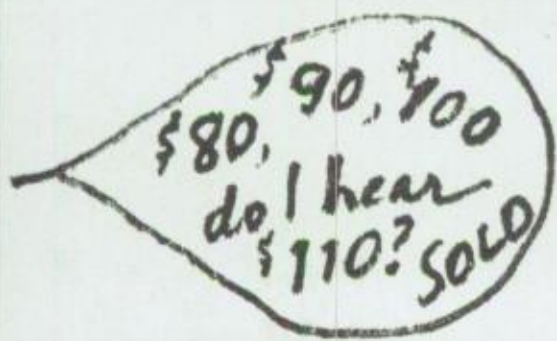


Some Yearbook postulants with Yael Septee: John Keh, Josh Grossman, Mandy Weiner, Anna Eng, Kim Mitchell



Drawing by Chris Stern, 11th grade
Jenny Cohen: one of Santa's elves





P.A. ACTIVITIES - THE WALDEN AUCTION

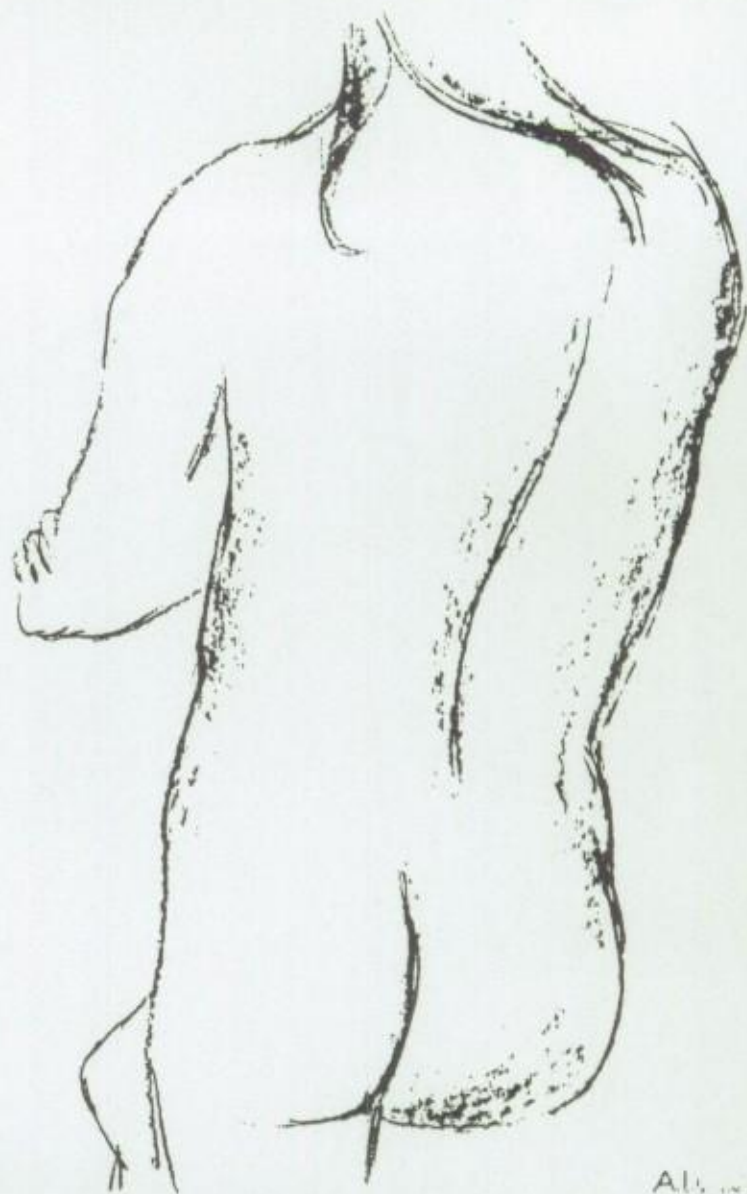
A major fund raising event which aids the scholarship program. This year's auctioneer was Annette Alvarez of Southeby's. In addition there was a silent auction with written bids, and a piano interlude was offered by Barry Gordon. - Todd Zorn



WALDEN DRAWS FROM LIFE



Saahir Lone, *Muscled Man*



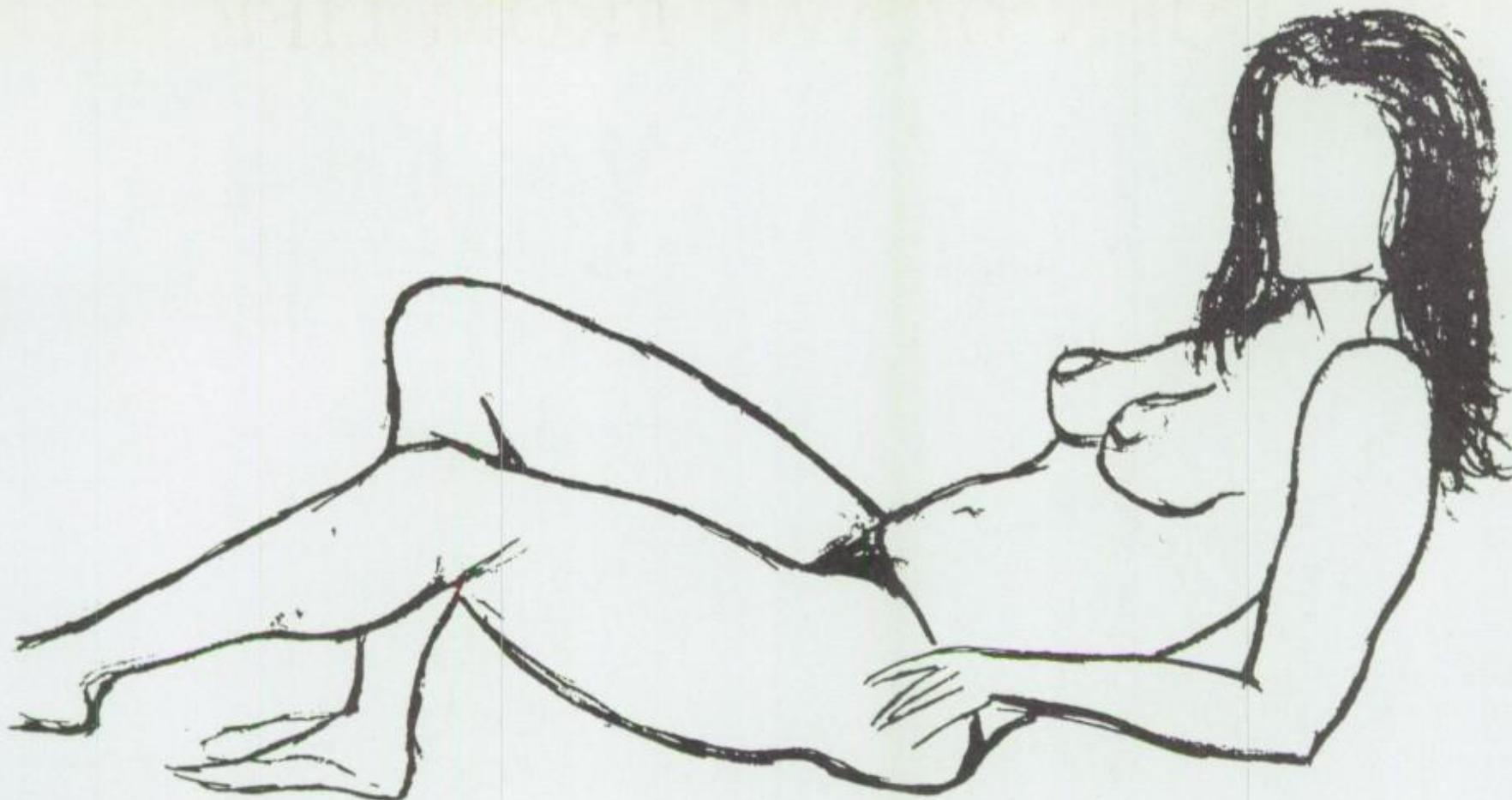
Alison Dilling, *Nude from Back*



Saahir Lone, *Male Figure*



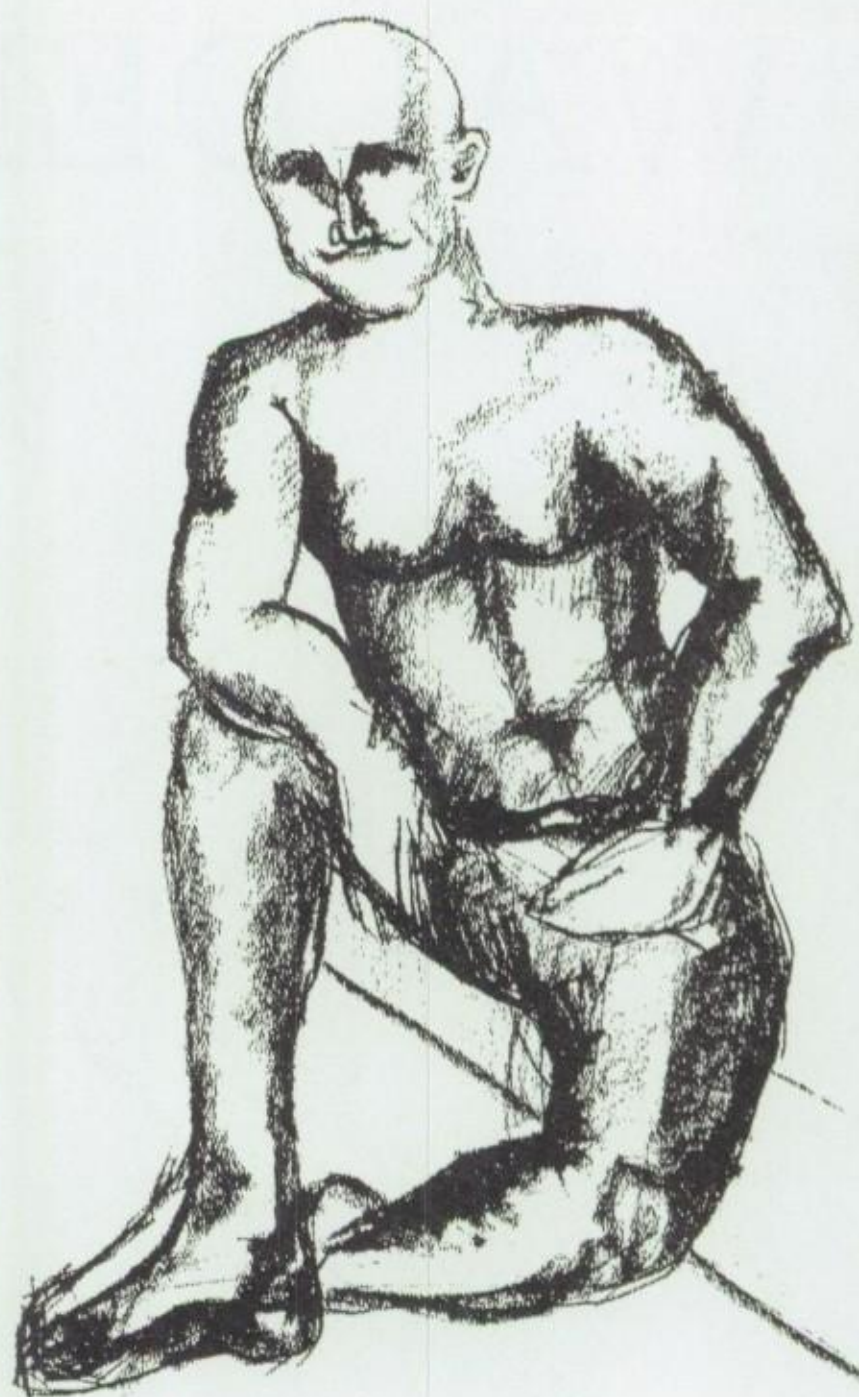
Saahir Lone, *Back Study*



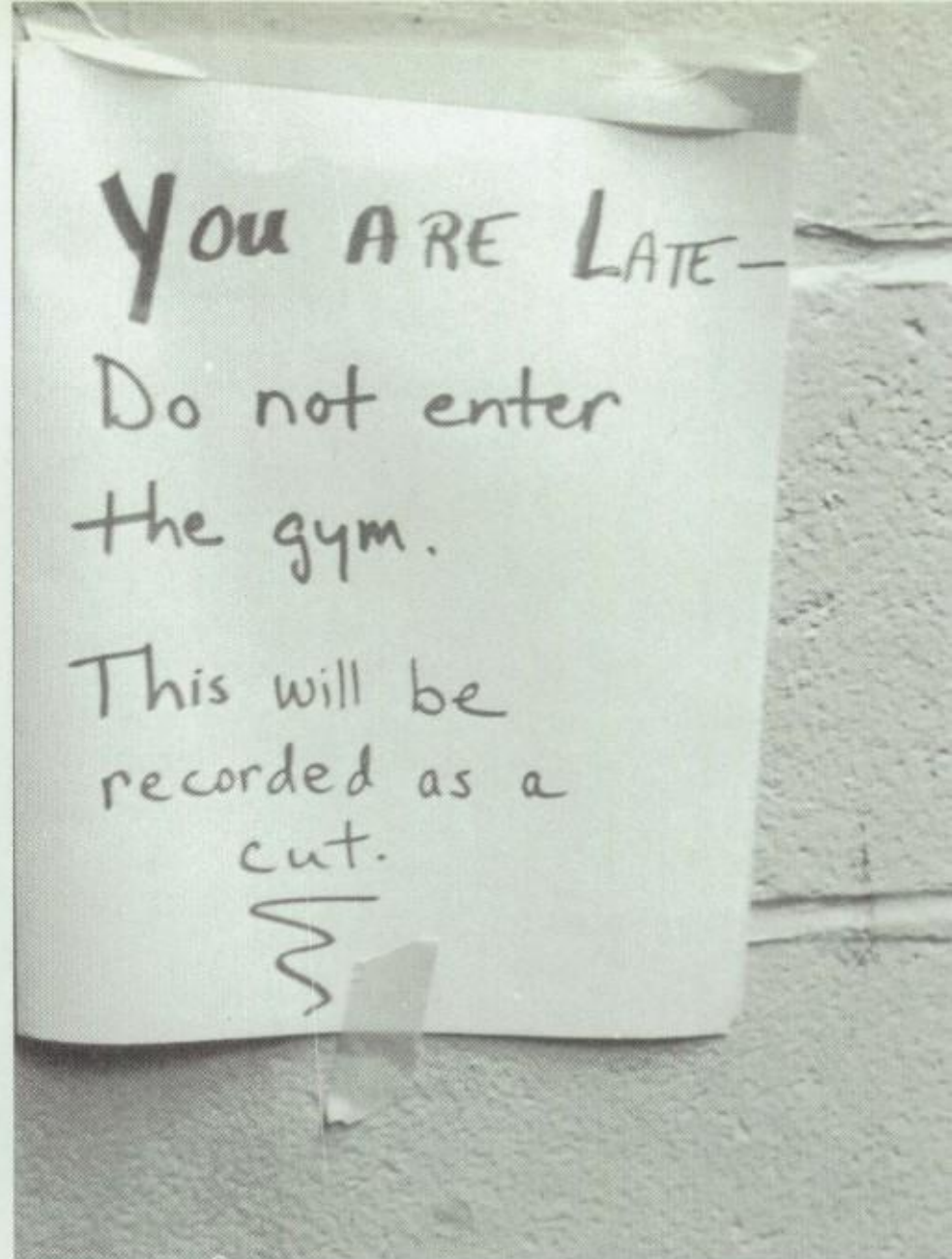
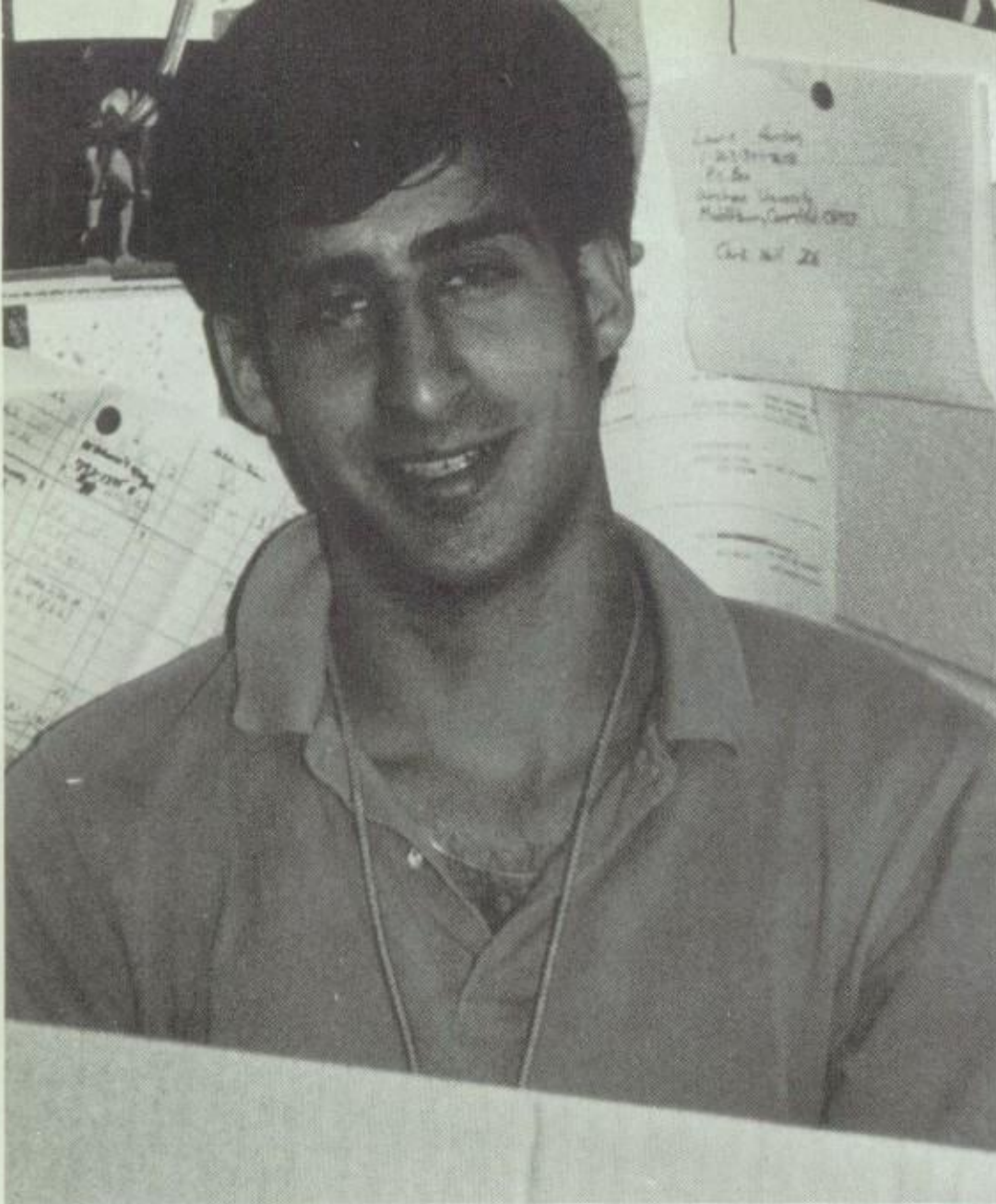
Lisa De Ruiter, *Reclining Nude*



Chris Burns, *Seated Man*



Chris Stern, *Seated Male Figure*



WALDEN SPORTS

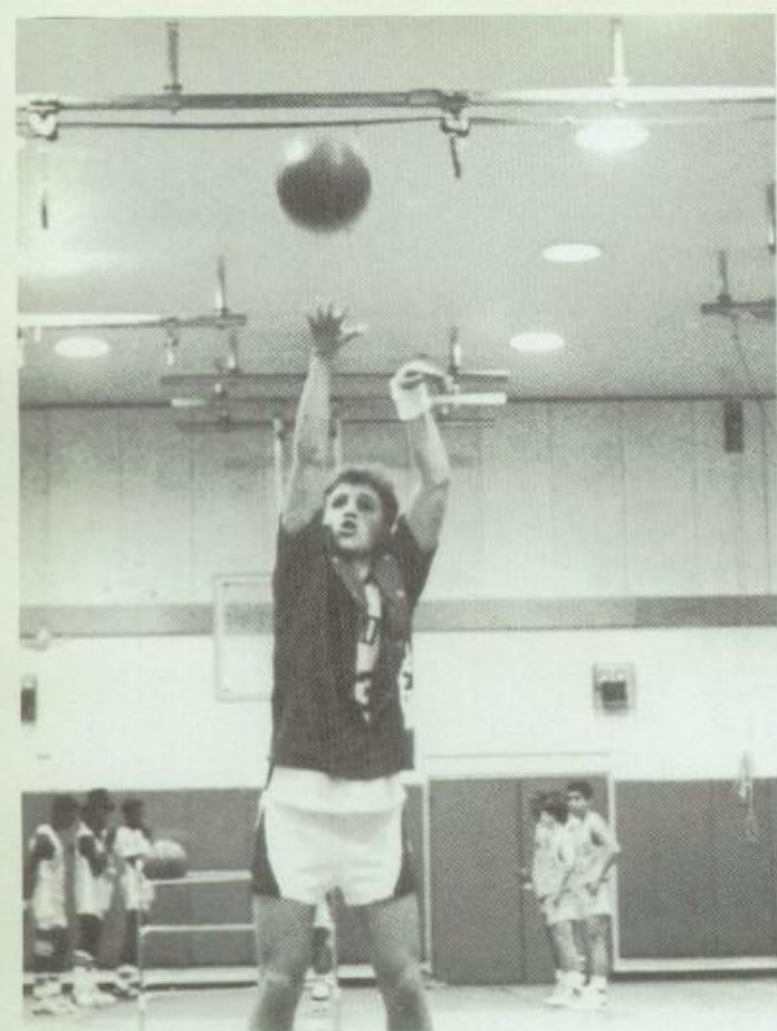




From left to right: Coach Eli Levine, Billy Miller, Todd Zorn, Philip Behrens, Jonathan Manitsky, Sam Pierce, Jennifer Cohen, Mike Reigelman, Adam Jacobs, John McPaul, Saahir Lone, and Sarah Gillen.

VARSITY SOCCER



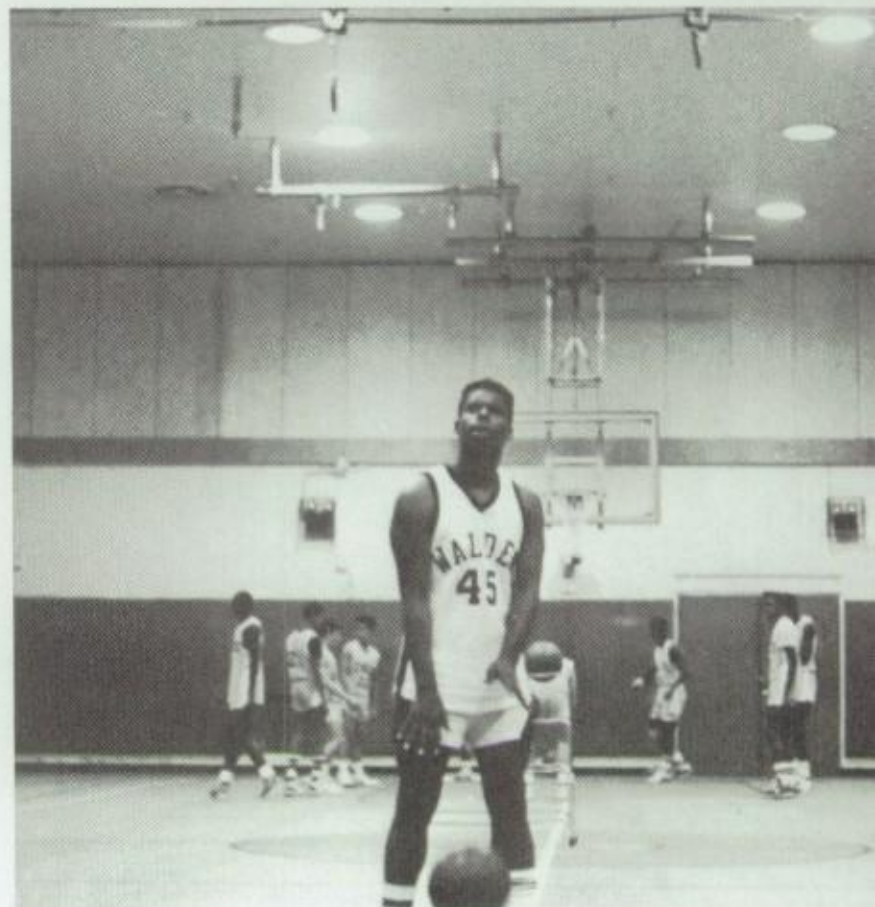


Benched: Nicky, Sam
and William.

Phil Dribbles.

Phil Behrens walks.

Sascha shoots one.



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Back row, from left: Managers Dana Sands, Michele Schwartz, and Alison Dilling. Team members: Sam Pierce, William Keh, Sascha Lewis, Nicky Mirsky, Jason Keidel, and Coach, Jim Mattel. Kneeling: Philip Behrens, Zac Hamrick, Eric Asness and Philip Jenoure.

BOYS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

Walden sports play a major part in developing a student's sense of the self and, at the same time, a sense of unity, of friendship, of shared experience and of team support. Also sports at Walden stress working together and enjoying the activity for itself, whether one wins or loses. The Walden sports program in the last few years has had its share of problems of fielding teams. With a smaller enrollment, sports suffer from a less challenging training program. Yet, despite the difficulties, people come through, are good players, enjoy sports and are able to compete with other schools in a non-competitive way.

-Todd Zorn

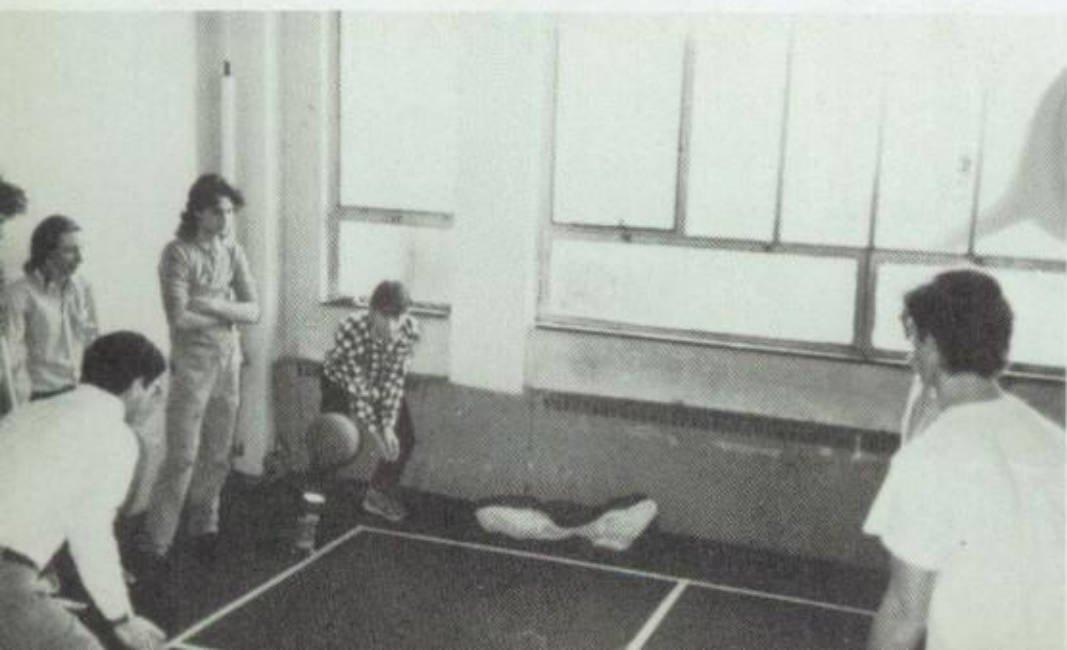


Center left: Walden against Steiner
Below right: Philip and Sascha score





Sascha paces to the basket
Walden plays UNIS





From left to right: Kim Mitchell, Michele Markowitz, Sarah Gillen, Nicole Harry, Holly Cuthbertson.

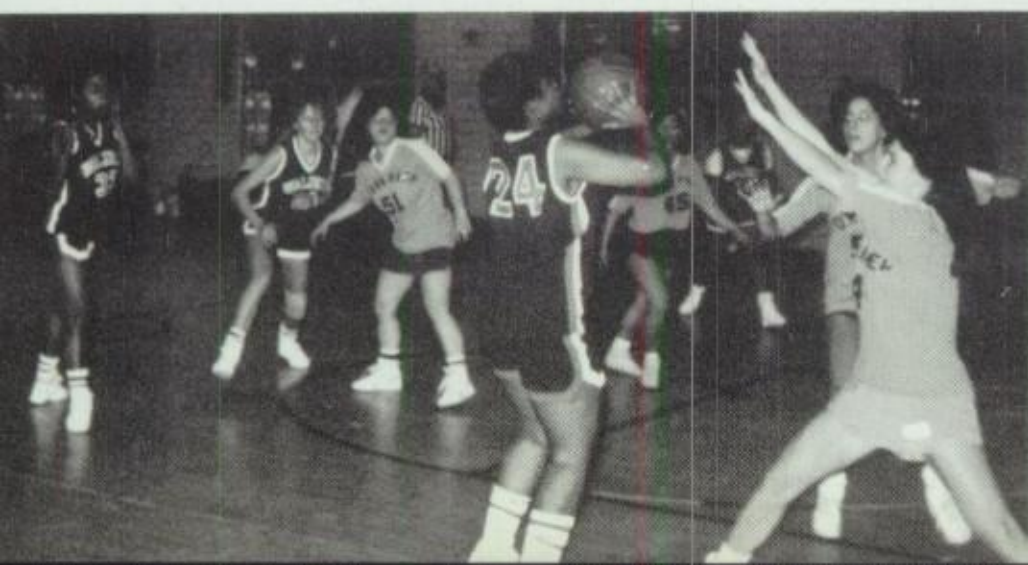
GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL

Dribbling: from left, Michele, Nicole, and Tonya Wright.

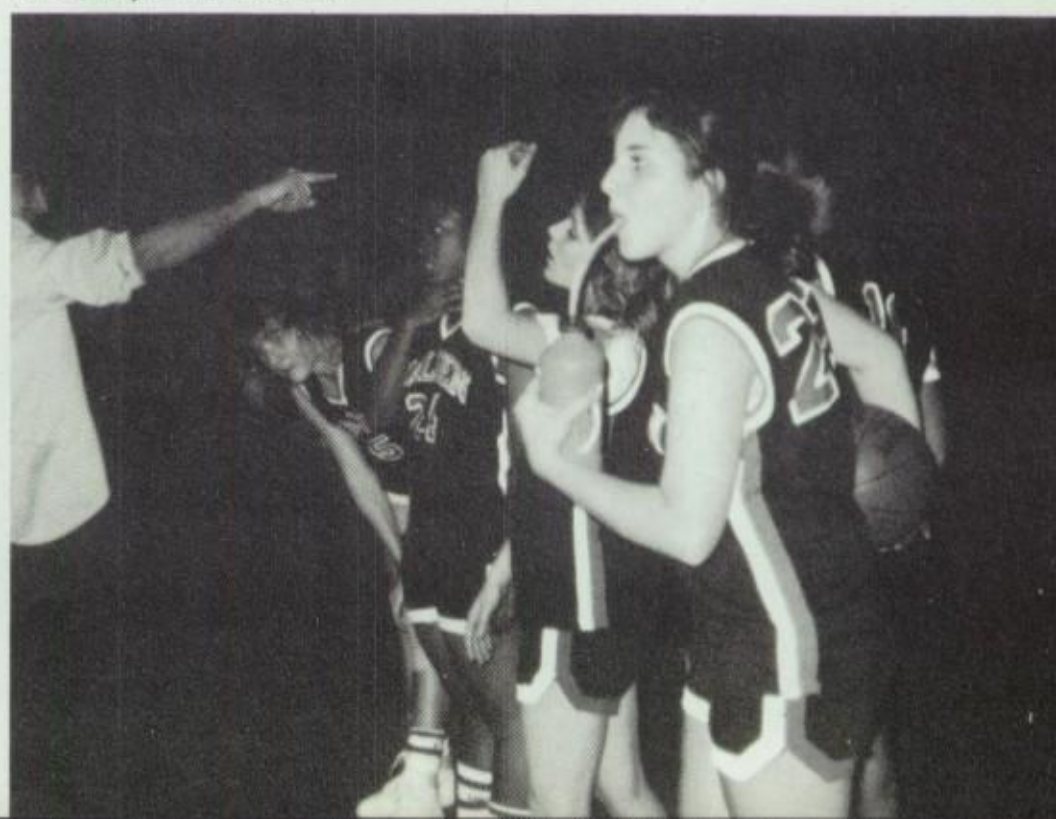


Sarah Gillen in bounds a pass to Radiah Barnes and Kim Mitchell.

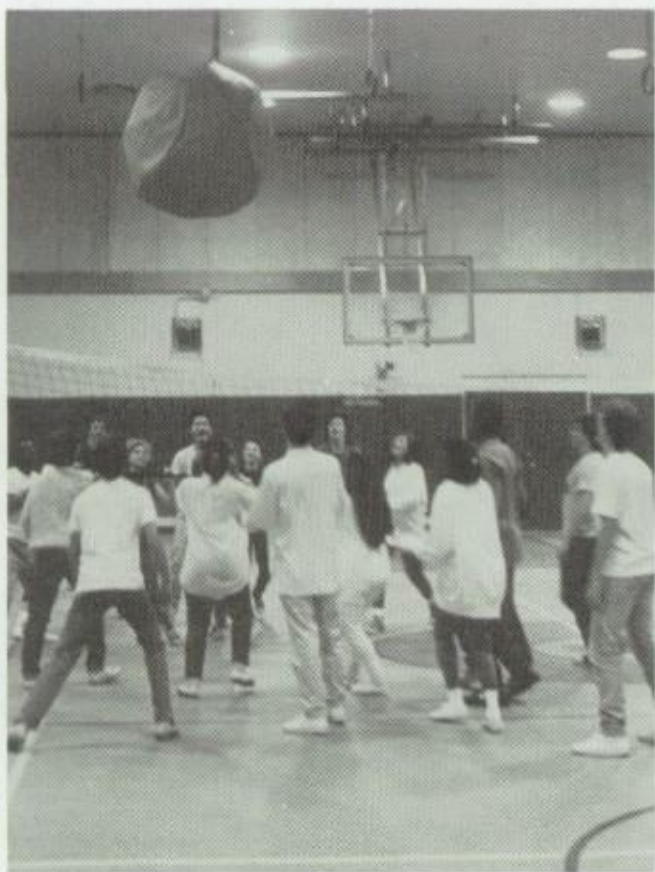
Kim Mitchell shoots with Carla, Holly, and Radiah to the rear.



Time out: Coach Eli Levine exhorts Holly, Kim, Michele, Nicole, and Sarah.



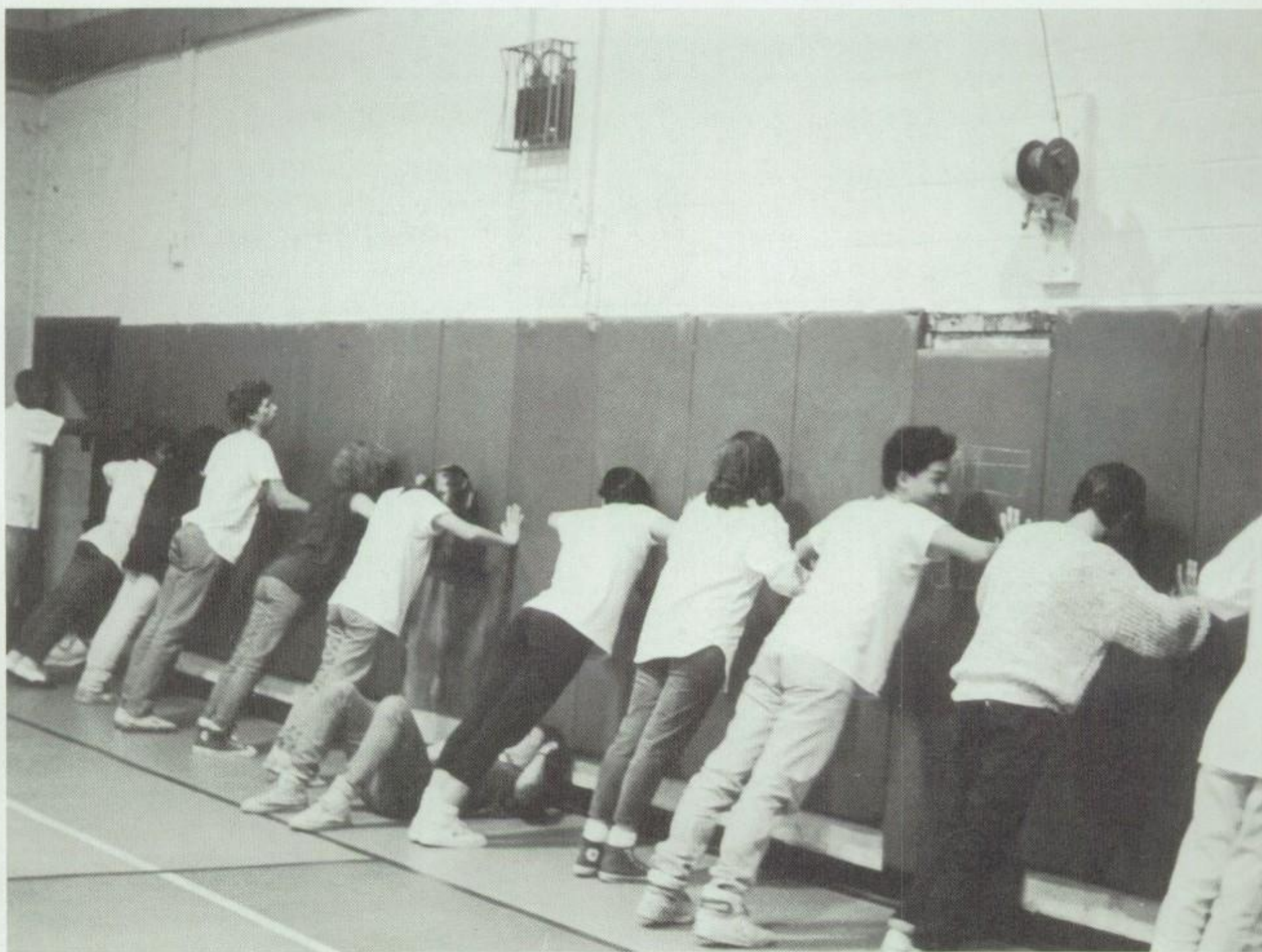
THE METAPHYSICS OF TRANSCENDENTAL SPORTS



Volleyball of Giants



Time out for Managers and Coach



Stretch line-up



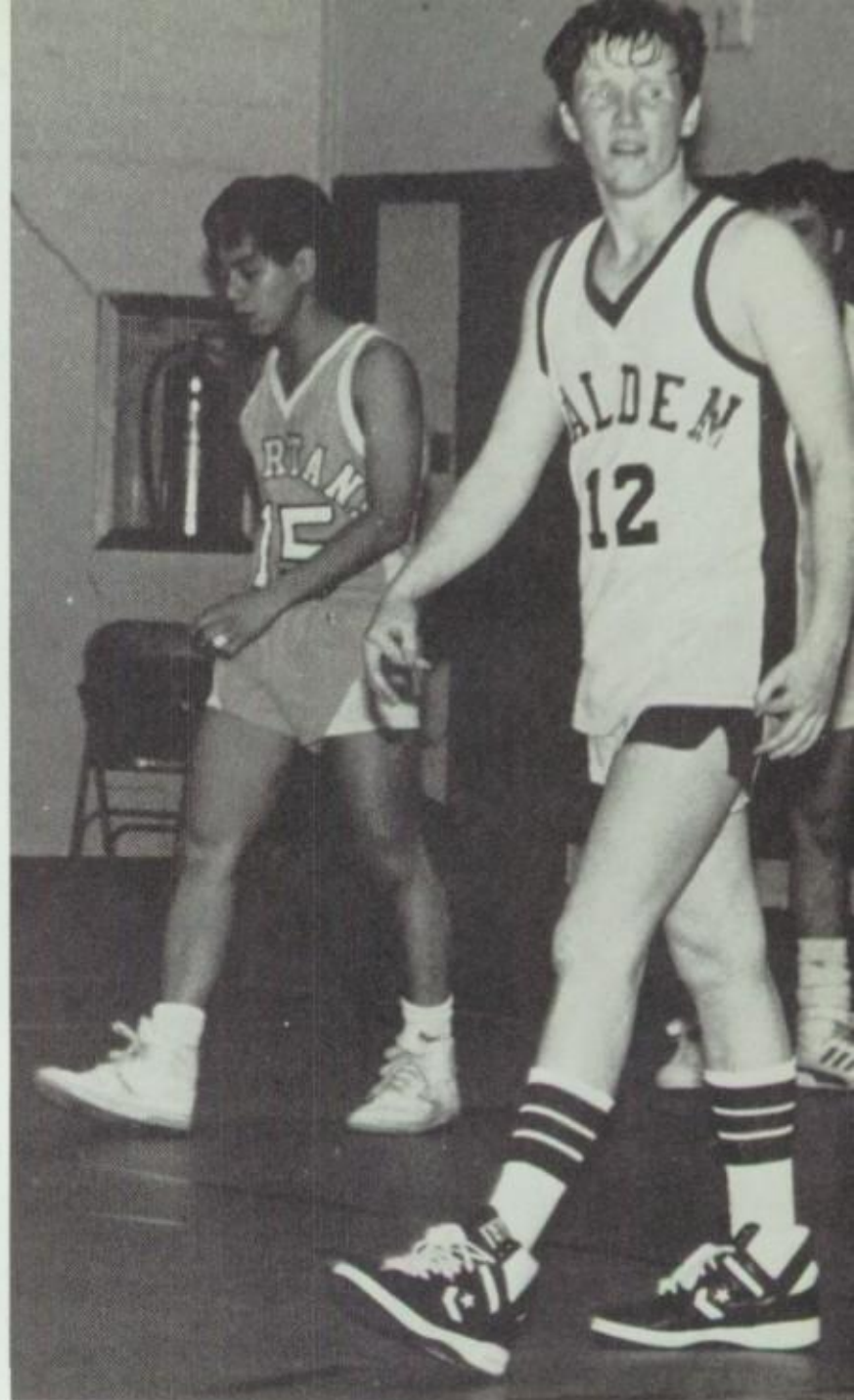
Mädchen in Uniform: Kerry, Sue, and Lorry
Jason takes a breather

WALDEN VARSITY BASKETBALL

Strange how the best photos of boys' basketball were taken by Lisa De Ruiter. The yearbook apologizes to the Girls' Varsity Basketball team. Although several staff photographers were to cover their games, no photos were taken. A case of unconscious male chauvinist indifference?

-Todd Zorn

Jason, Will, Sam, and Nick on the offensive?





Above: three good artists - Saahir, Alison, Carla. Below: two good buddies, Jon and Billy.



Three beauties: Charrise, Lori, and Radhiah



Tanya emulates Bunuel's, "Secret Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz."

Kristin is back in Walden (from Ohio, thank you) and look how happy she is!

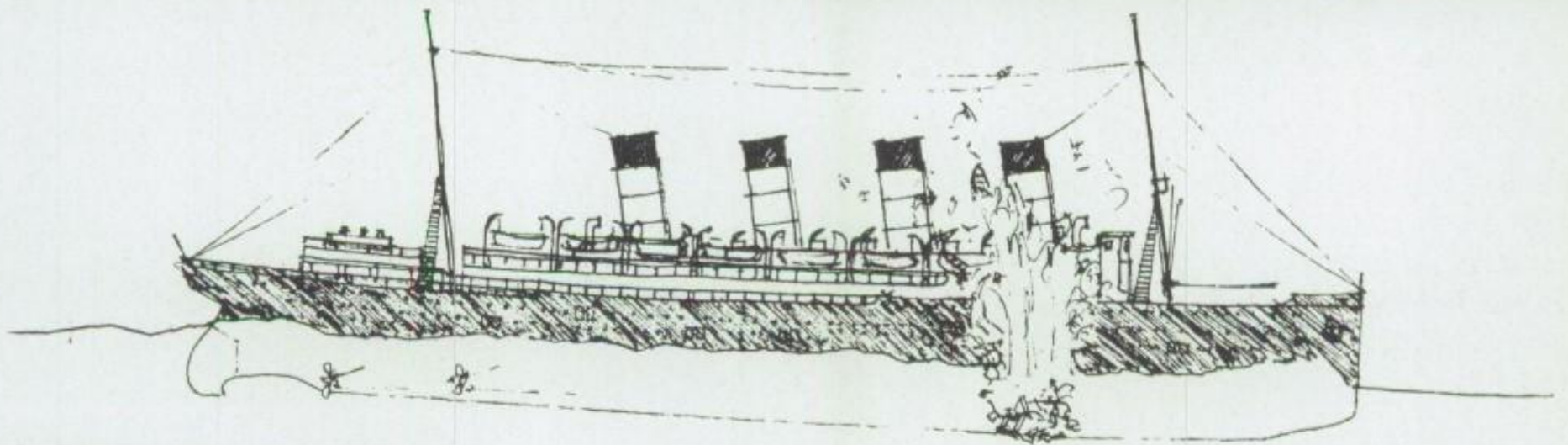




WALDENITES



Above left: Cecilia. Above right: Carla and her friend, André.
Below center: Drawing of the torpedoing of the *Lusitania*, by David Netto. Bottom: When school lets out.



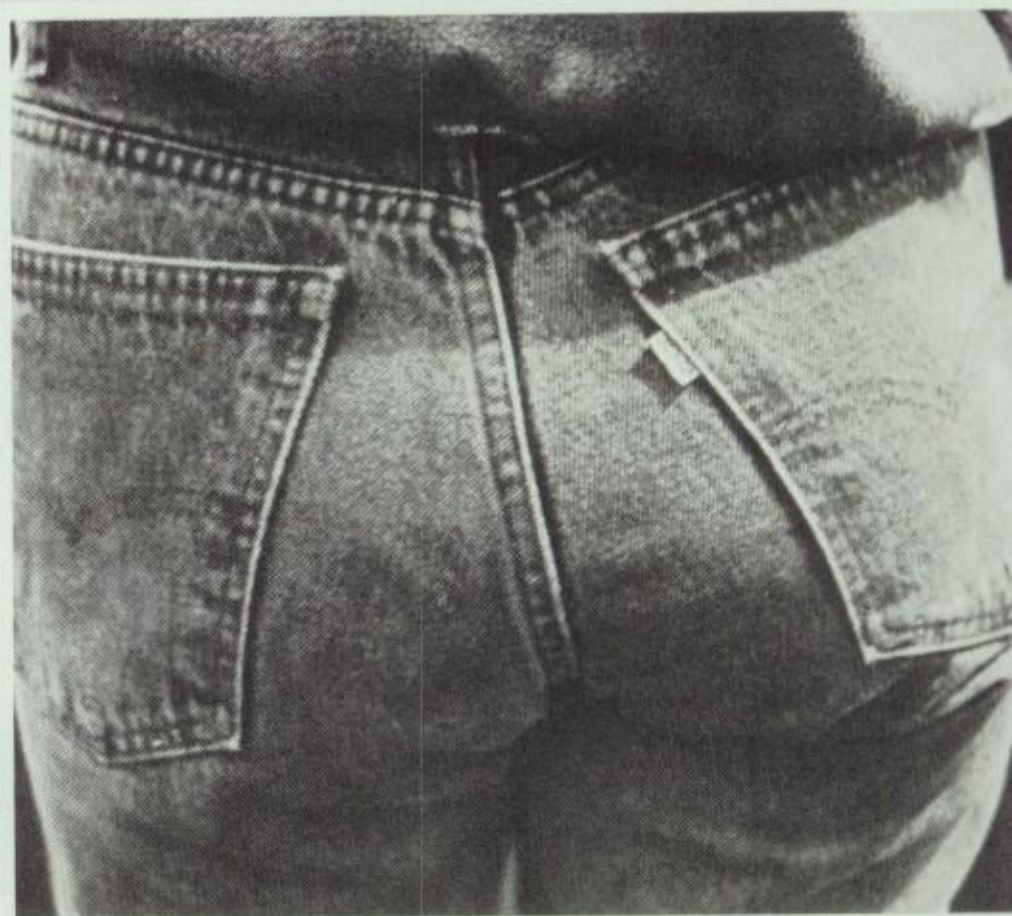
CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE CLASS OF 1987
THE ROBERT SHEEHAN FAMILY



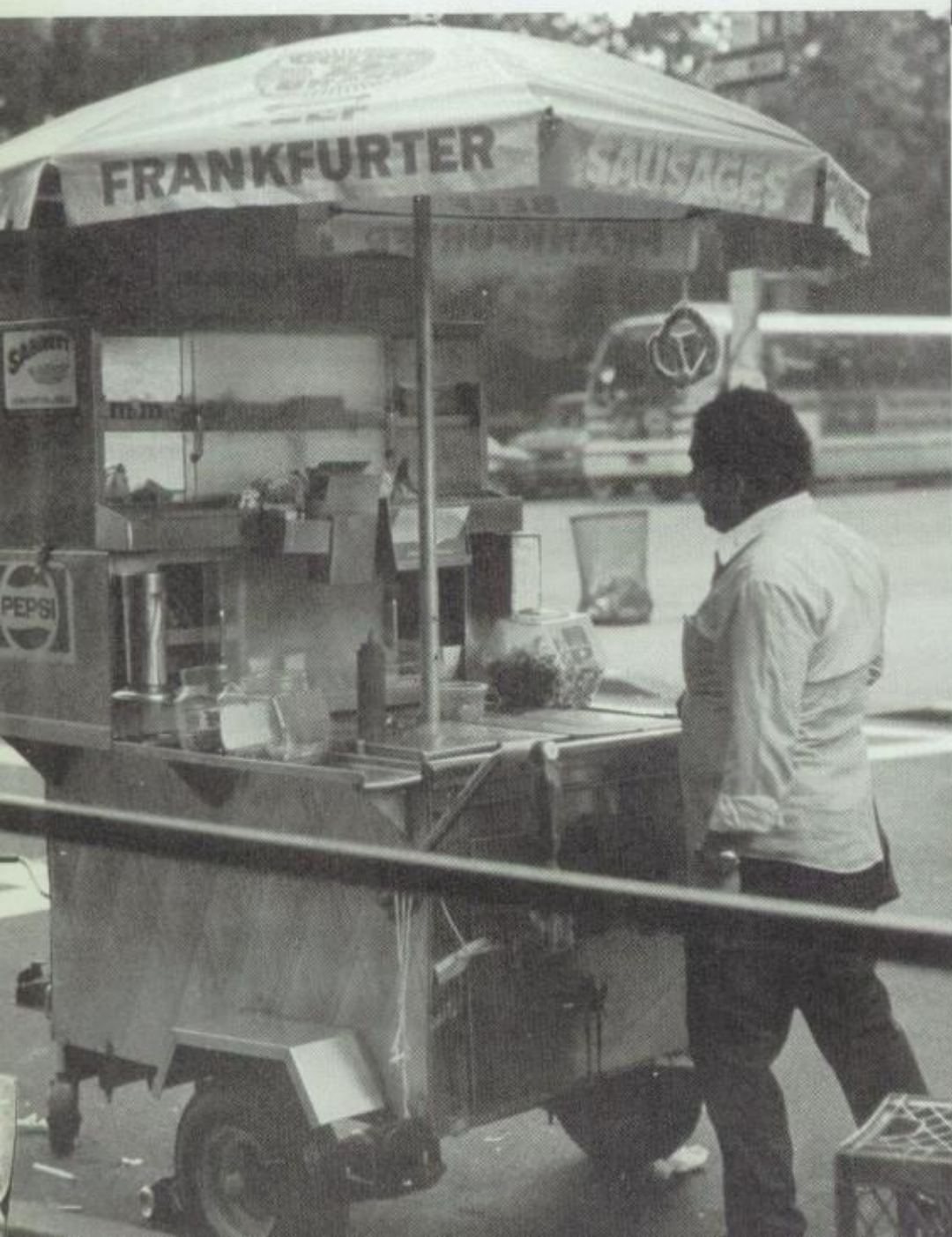
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CONGRATULATIONS
JONATHAN
YOU MADE IT
WITH LOVE DAD



"All's well that . . .," Shakespeare.



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of 87
from

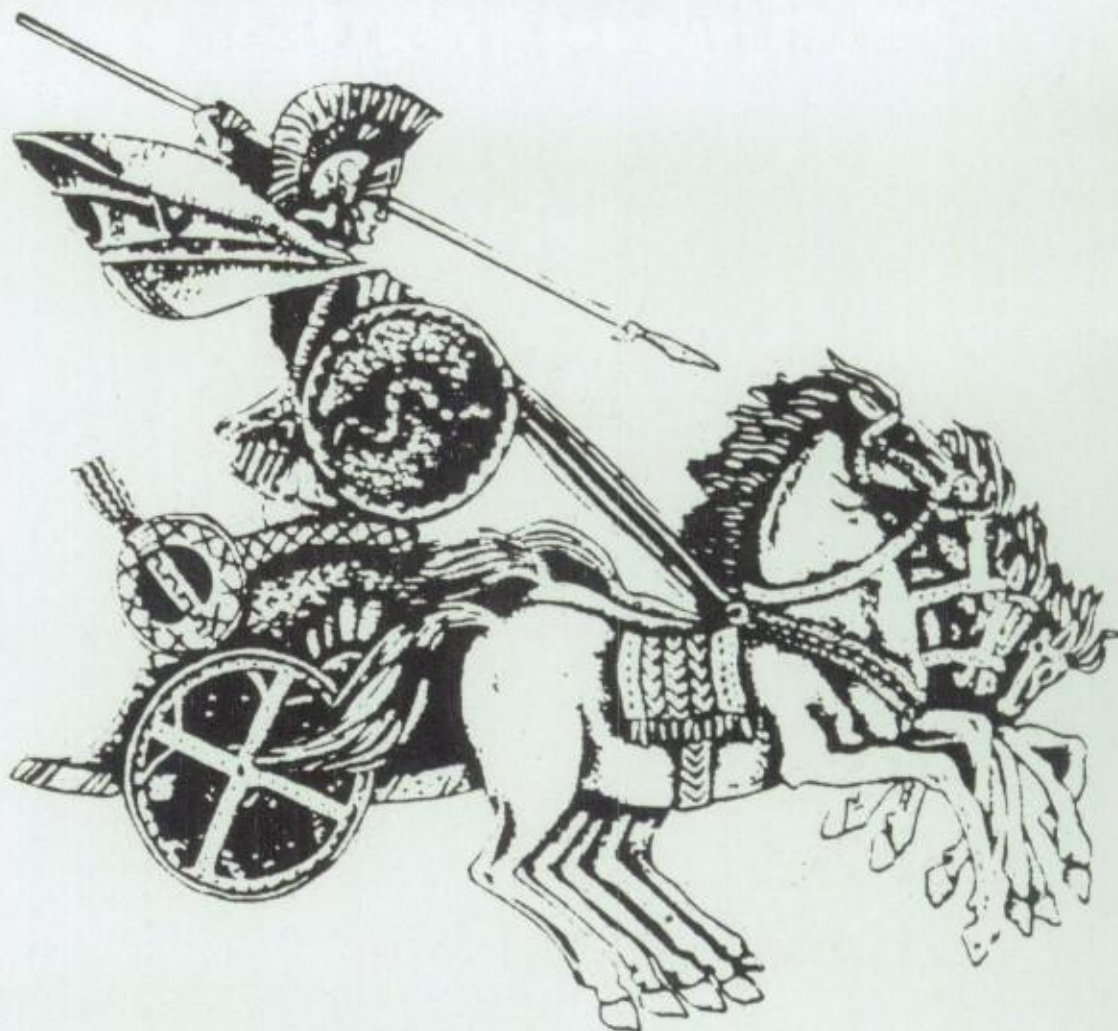
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and
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to the
CLASS OF 1987

To the Class of '87
Best Wishes for a Wonderful Future
Discovery Programs of the Walden School

Toddlers Staff:

Back row from left:
 Karen Bracken, Margaret Morrison, Heidi Longwith, Paul Yang, Laun Moore, Meli Zinburg, Tom Burnett.
 Front row from left:
 Toni Wisti, Marcie Chanin, Jan Brecht, Shanlee Whaley, Elena Cernovischi, Leslie Brown.



OUR HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO THE SENIOR CLASS

We wish each of you continued success in the Walden tradition of individual growth, creativity, and zest for a lifetime of learning.

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CONGRATULATIONS
to the
CLASS OF 1987
from the
PARENTS ASSOCIATION



JONATHAN
CONGRATULATIONS and MAZEL TOV
ON YOUR GRADUATION



WE HAVE FAITH
IN YOU ALWAYS

WE LOVE
YOU
YOUR
MOTHER
AND POPPA



**CONGRATULATIONS
CLASS OF '87**

**best wishes to all our walden friends
holly and beverley
cuthbertson**

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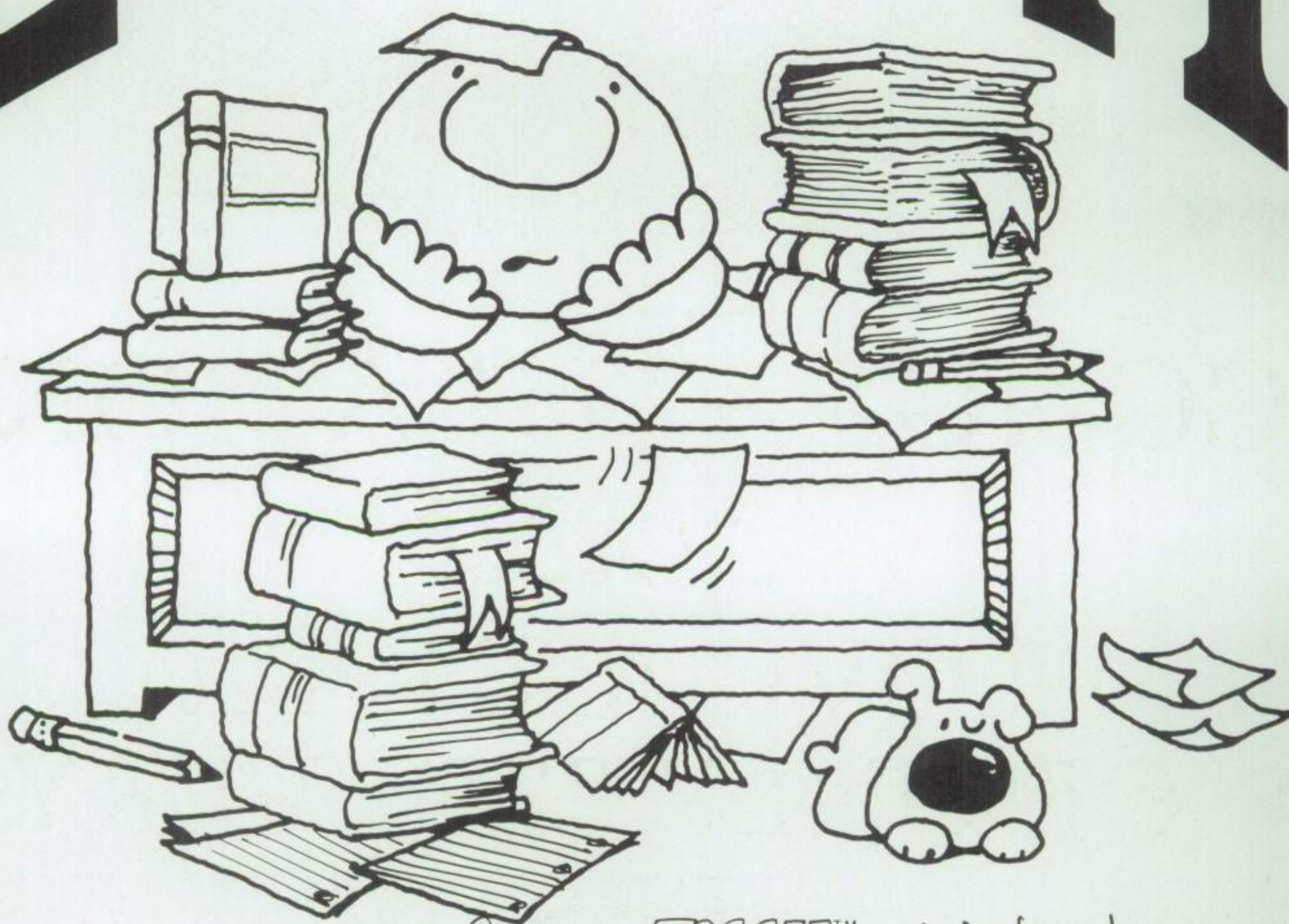
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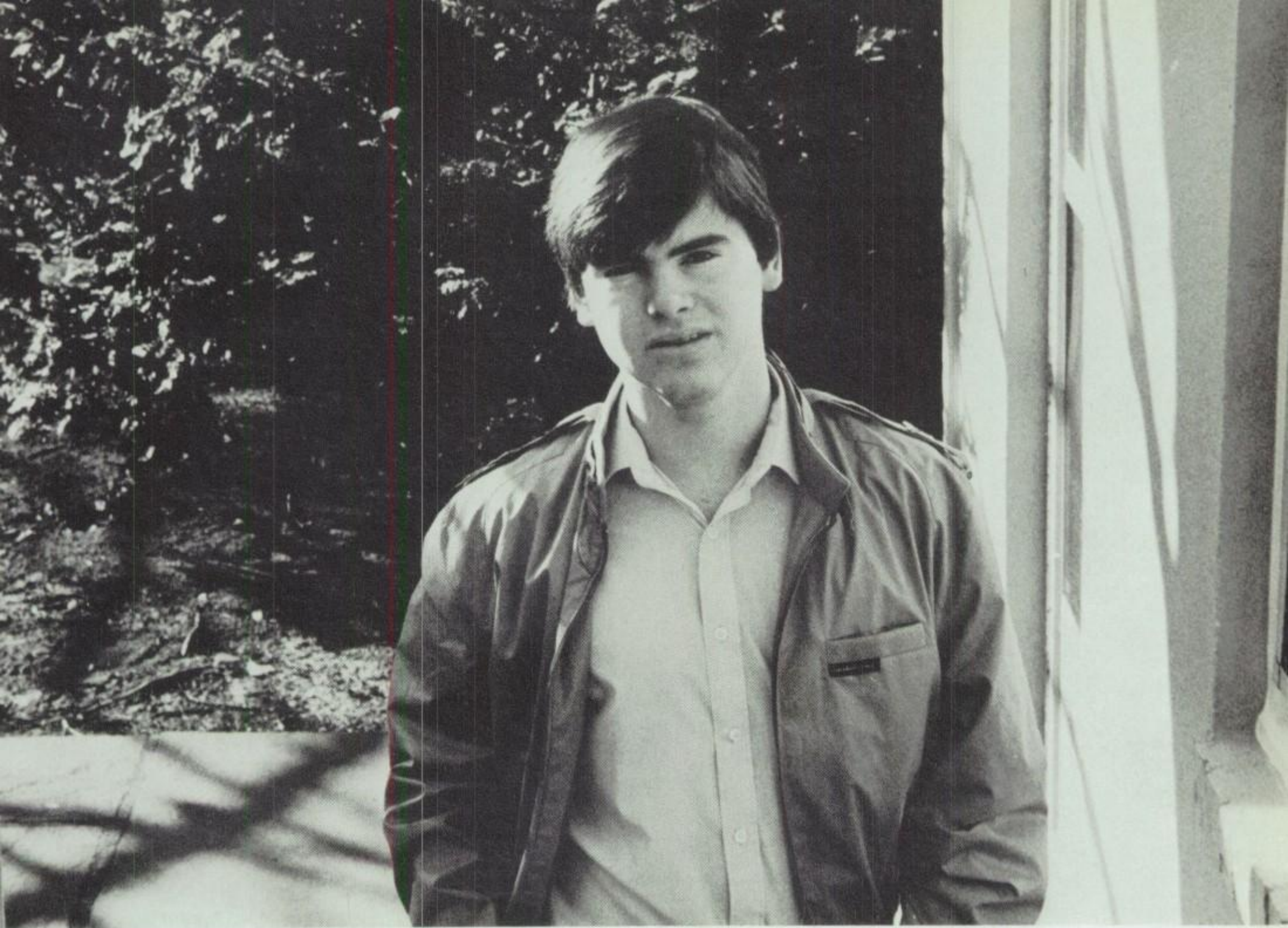
TO
WALDEN
WITH MANY THANKS
FOR BEING THE SCHOOL IT IS

DAVID NETTO AND HIS PARENTS

BORED *of* EDUCATION



with love from **ZIGGY™** Natasha
Tom Wilson Katrina
©1981 Universal Press Syndicate
and Lena, one of the frivolous fifteen!



CONGRATULATIONS

JODD

LOVE AND ALL
OF ONLY THE VERY
BEST

Mom and Dad

to
MIKE BAUMWOLL
and the
CLASS OF 1987
CONGRATULATIONS, BEST WISHES
from BOB, BARBARA,
MICHAEL, and DAVID



*Mike
Baumwoll*

1983

THE HAMBURGERS

*Yo Mike!
Wha' sup?*

CONGRATULATIONS

love ya'

JOEL, ELLEN, and LISA



FITZ -

Good work to
congratulations !

We love you -

Pop - Mom - Max

CONGRATULATIONS

JOHN

and the class of 1987

**MOM, DAD AND
WILLIAM**

**THANK YOU
WALDEN**

for twelve great years

FOR *K*ALISTA

Friendship does not stand for numbers; the Friend does not count his Friends on his fingers; they are not numerable. The more there are included by this bond, if they are indeed included, the rarer and diviner the quality of the love that binds them. . . . Indeed we cannot have too many friends; the virtue which we appreciate we to some extent appropriate, so that thus we are made at last more fit for every relation of life.

—*Henry David Thoreau, 1849*

FAITH AND KIRK
REBEKAH AND BILL
BEN, GAPA, BELLA

PERSONALS

Billy - I love you. May the love, corruption, music, pictures and pennies on my windowsill never end. As for your chops, consider them busted. Think of ICP, Bobby's room, and lost things on New Years. Stay truly concerned, and occasionally dissipated, please. Let's keep a figurative eye out for our psychedelic white picket fence. Lyrics, 350, always. I REALLY LOVE YOU - Laurie.

Brown eyes, a smiling face, it means the world to me. Always and Forever? Remember to smile. I LOVE YOU! Ana - (goo-ban-Ana) Breathe, breathe in the air. Don't be afraid to care. Leave but don't leave me. Look around, choose your own ground. For long you live and high you fly and smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry and all you touch and all you see is all your life will ever be. I love you more than words can tell. Don't ever cry princess, I'll give you all my roses. LOVE LOVE LOVE
Caline
Everybody I love you, Every body, I do.

n conscient to factor tum poen legum odioque civiuda. Et tamen in b
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GOOD LUCK TO
THE CLASS OF 1987/A
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PERSONALS

Congratulations to the senior class and to my Andre Lemont Thompson (Biff).143. I know that you like it better than that. Great team work. Grady Falcons. TS & SG Love Carla To my brother-in-law, congrats on graduating. Don't forget me in college, W/W/W/W Love TIKK Sweet Kalista - One's too many, but 100's not enough. For all the times when things got "out of hand." For everything, here's to us.

AMANDA
GELLER
and family
CONGRATULATE
the Senior Class of
1987

FACULTY ADVISOR'S SWAN SONG EDITORIAL

This year's editorial board originated as a process of natural selection with diminishing returns. In the beginning was the Word. We all agreed, that, contrary to past usage, our efforts would be collective and collaborative. We would all try, we said, to plan together the Yearbook, its pagination, its design, and respect its deadlines. Ours was a Lilliputian komsomol with Brodingtonian appetites.

The following joined together as an *ad hoc* editorial board: Kimberly Mitchell and Kalista Sale were organizers who cajoled and exhorted seniors to meet requirements and deadlines. Jonathan Manitsky sought out advertisers. Photographers Michelle Abeloff, Cynthia Jones, Billy Miller, David Netto, Kalista Sale, David Smith (teacher), Todd Zorn and eleventh graders, Lisa De Ruiter and Natasha Fried, made many contributions. Cynthia Jones was assistant to the faculty advisor, John Keh researched material, Mandy Weiner kept accounts, and Josh Grossman and Tonya Wright helped.

As the snake in Eden, Disagreement slipped into our Walden paradise. Disagreement was over philosophical and tactical policy. Disagreement was over conflicting perceptions, for example, as to which student was having more publicity exposure in the Yearbook than anyone else. A self-serving cult of the personality attitude reared its Yahoo self.

Should one person be editor? Should he or she be the leader who assigns work, sets forth job descriptions, titles, oversees others' duties, and talks to administrators as an equal head of state? Although nominally the group chose a non-hierarchical approach, each one went his or her own way.

Todd Zorn worked day after day, evening after evening, during vacation time and on Saturdays. He worked constantly and consistently with the advisor on layout, editorials, checked proofs, processed film and developed photos. As general factotum, he interacted pleasantly with the various members of the administration. He showed tact, discretion, and ability. If anyone deserves to be considered chief editor it is he.

Lisa De Ruiter and Natasha Fried helped with layout. Philip Blocklyn, the publisher's representative, spent several afternoons and evenings with us on layout, as had Daniel Gettleman, a former Walden student, devoted to a Walden concept of commitment and dedication. Miss Laurence Abeille, a friend from France, contributed her services as photographer. Sue Sortino, Richard Marotta, and Eric Weisberg gave of their time and advice, and David Netto his prodigality.

STEPHEN ETTINGER, Production Designer/Faculty Advisor

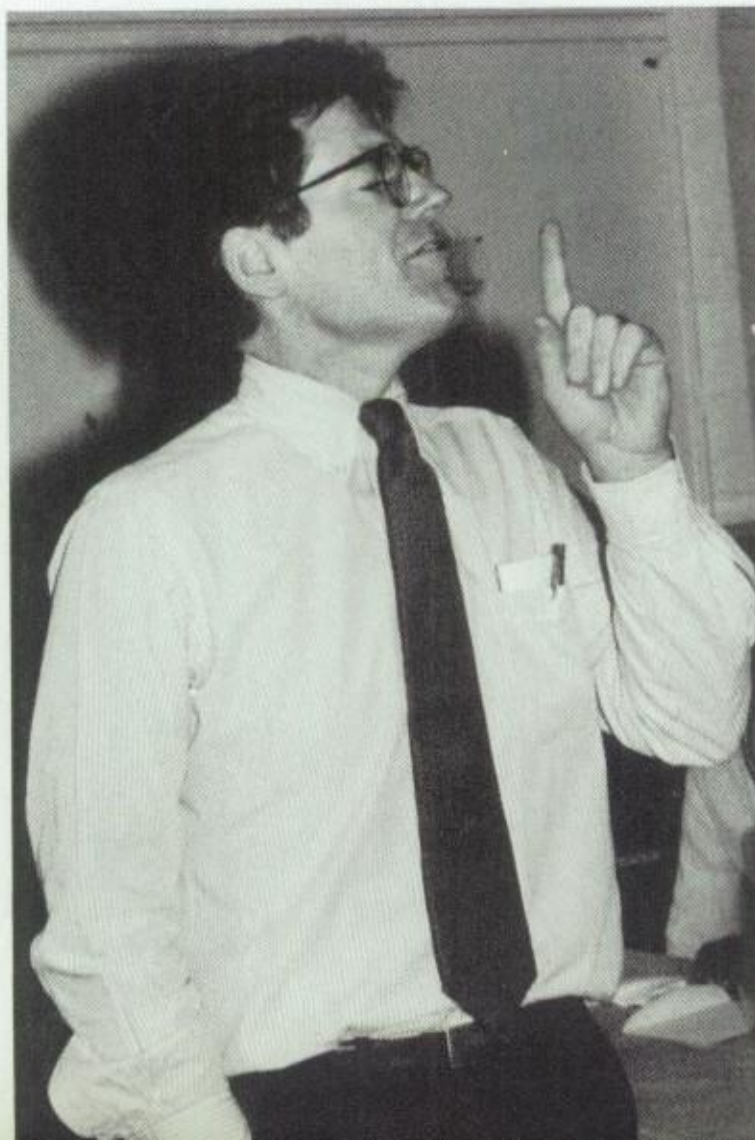
*For the general reader, the terms Lilliputian, Brodingtonian, and Yahoo refer to Jonathan Swift's description of those cultures in his novel, *Gulliver's Travels*. Alas, the drudgery inflicted upon the advisor was the slavery of *Gullible's Travails*.

Epilogue as
an Exercise in the uses of
the Figure of Speech known as
Litotes.

The Yearbook thanks Stephen Clement for his unfailing interest in our efforts. His active support, his visits to staff and editors during and after school hours, were encouraging. We appreciated his prompt release of funds whenever our modest expenditures so required, as well as his comprehension of our fund raising abilities.

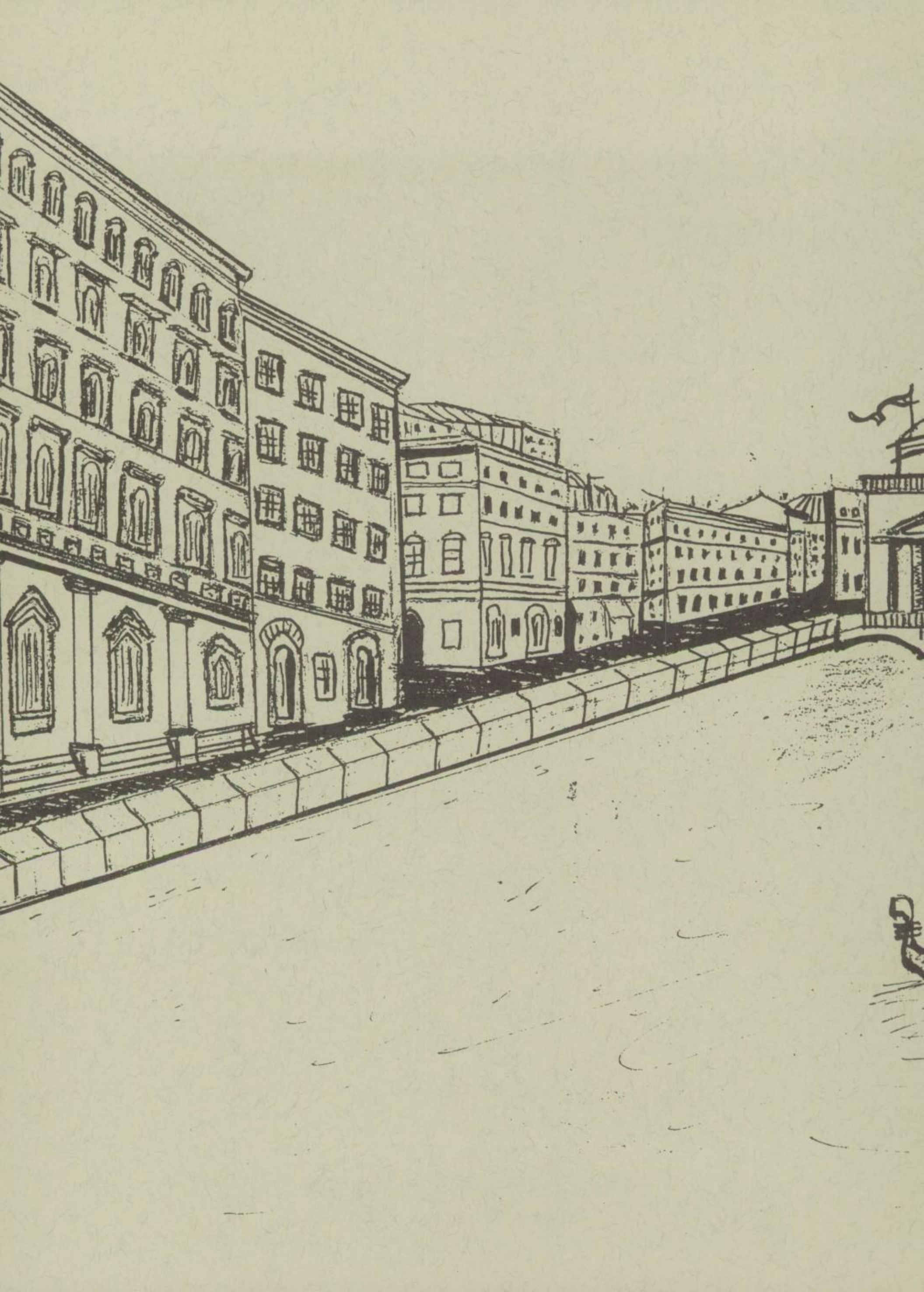
-Sirius.

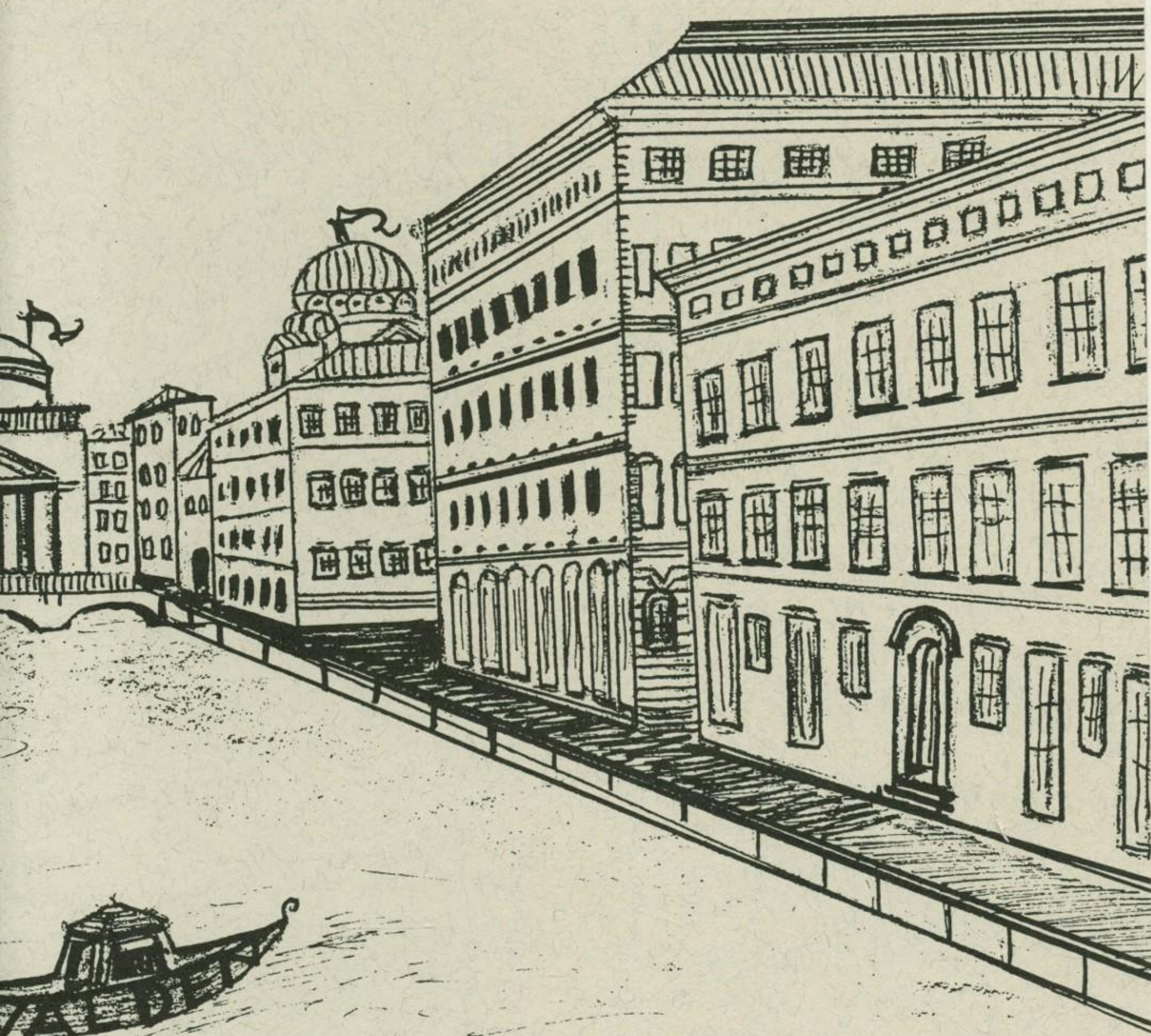
Portrait of a Grand Sachem



SPECIAL THANKS
to the following who helped
the Yearbook:

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Pam Benning
Martha Cox
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Bernice Hauser
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Dana Reimer
David Smith
Donald Steckler
Betty Tillar
Sheila Wood
and
Manuel Beltran
Jorge Cruz
Ovidio Fernandez
Hector Marroquin
Alfredo Perez





Kristin Shanklin
Dec. 9 1986

"The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation. What is called resignation is confirmed desperation. From the desperate city you go into the desperate country, and have to console yourself with the bravery of minks and muskrats. A stereotyped but unconscious despair is concealed even under what are called the games and amusements of mankind. There is no play in them, for this comes after work. But it is a characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things."

— from *WALDEN*, by Henry David Thoreau